



FR: Cithrin

Atat: 41



of London

1673



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THE  
**WITS,**  
OR,  
**SPORT upon SPORT.**  
BEING A  
Curious Collection of several  
**DROLS and FARCES,**  
Presented and Shewn  
For the  
**MERRIMENT and DELIGHT**  
OF

Wise Men, and the Ignorant :

As they have been sundry times Acted

In Publique, and Private,

In *LONDON* at *BAR. HOLOMEW* } FAIRES.  
In the Countrey at other

In *HALLS* and *TAVERNS*.

On several *MOUNTBANCKS STAGES,*

At *Charing Cross, Lincolns-Inn-Fields,* and other places.

BY

Several Strolling *PLAYERS,*

*FOOLS,* and *FIDLERs,*

And the Mountebancks *ZANIES.*

With loud Laughter, and great Applause.

---

*Written I know not when, by several Persons, I know not who,  
But now newly Collected by your Old Friend to please you,*

**FRANCIS KIRKMAN.**

---

*London,* Printed for *Fran. Kirkman,* and are to be Sold by  
most Book-Sellers. 1673.

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# The Preface.

**E** Pistles and Prefaces have of late been so much in fashion, that very few Dramatick Poems, Vulgarly called Plays, have been published, but what have been ushered by those Customary Apologies; and so much Art and Learning have been used in them, that oftentimes a greater part of the Book hath been taken up in their composition. The intent of which Prefacing hath been alike in all to vindicate and justifie their own manner of writing, and decry others: Some have been wholly for Prose, and others for Verse; some for serious Language, and others for Farce; but all agree in this: That Plays are but Diversions in what kind soever understood. This hath been the Custom and Opinion of others. Now, lest I should appear ignorant of the fashion, and thought incapable to follow it, I am obliged to say somewhat too; but since I resolve against any long Learned Discourse, I shall only give you a taste of my Experience, which I hope may be as divertive and pleasant.

The most part of these Pieces were written by such Penmen as were known to be the ablest Artists that ever this Nation produced, by Name, Shake-spear, Fletcher, Johnson, Shirley, and others; and these Collections are the very Souls of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be so termed: And the other small Pieces composed by several

### The Preface.

Authors are such as have been of great fame in this  
When the publique Theatres were shut up, and  
as forbidden to present us with any of their Trage-  
cause we had enough of that in earnest; and Come-  
cause the Vices of the Age were too lively and  
presented; then all that we could divert our selves  
these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing  
the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called Bottom  
over, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber,  
each Title, were only allowed us, and that but by  
and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the  
these being all that was permitted us, great was  
of the Auditors; and these small things were  
le, and as great get-pennies to the Actors as any  
famed Plays. I have seen the Red Bull Play-  
which was a large one, so full, that as many went  
want of room as had entred; and as meanly as you  
think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the  
ians then and now in being; and I may say, by  
then exceeded all now Living, by Name, the in-  
e Robert Cox, who was not only the principal  
also the Contriver and Author of most of these  
How have I heard him cryed up for his John  
and Simpleton the Smith? In which he being  
with a large piece of Bread and Butter, I have  
known several of the Female Spectators and Au-  
g for some of it: And once that well known Na-  
tural

## The Preface.

tural Jack Adams of Clarkenwel, seeing him with Bread and Butter on the Stage, and knowing him, cryed out, Cuz, (uz, give me some, give me some; to the great pleasure of the Audience: And so Naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying, well, although your Father speaks so ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-Man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any Trade.

And as he pleased the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the Learned, but more particularly by the Butler of one of those Colledges, who liking his Acting, and finding that those Representations were defective for want of a Prologue, being a dabler in Poetry, would needs write one, part of which I remember to be thus.

Courteous Spectators, we are your Relators,  
Neither Tylers nor Slaters, nor your Vexators,  
But such who will strive to please,  
Will you sit at your ease,  
And speak such words as may be spoken,  
And not by any be mistoken, *Cetera desiderantur, &c.*

Although I question not but the University afforded good  
wits,

### The Preface.

wits, and such as were well skilled in Poetry, yet this was the best our Butler was infected with, which Robert Cox did speak, not as a Prologue at the beginning, but as a Droll in the middle of what he then Acted.

Thus were these Compositions liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the Actors to Represent, there being little Cost in Cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seiz'd by the then Souldiers; who, as the Poet sayes, Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak, was very true, not only in the Audience, but the Actors too, were commonly, not only strip'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such Ransom as the Souldiers would impose upon them; so that it was hazardous to Act any thing that required any good Cloaths, instead of which painted Cloath many times served the turn to represent Rich Habits. Indeed Poetry and Painting are of Kin, being the effects of fancy, and one oftentimes helps the other, as in our ingenious and Rich Scenes, which shew to the Eye what the Actors represent to the Ear; and this Painting puts me in mind of a piece I once saw in a Country Inn, where was with the best skill of the work-man represented King Pharaoh, with Moses and Aaron, and some others, to explain which figures, was added this piece of Poetry.

Here

## The Preface.

Here *Pbaraob* with his Goggle Eyes does  
stare on  
The High-Priest *Moses*, with the Prophet  
*Aaron*.

Why, what a Rascal

Was he that would not let the People go to  
eat the Phascal.

*The Painting was every wayes as defective and lame as the Poetry, for I believe he who pictured King Pharaoh had never seen a King in his Life, for all the Majesty he was represented with was goggle Eyes, that his Picture might be answerable to the Verse. But enough of this Story which pleasing me, I must confess, I have forced in here hoping it will please you too, and then I have my ends.*

*And now I will address my self to my particular Readers, and conclude. Besides those who read these sort Books for their pleasure, there are some who do it for profit such as are young Players, Fiddlers, &c. As for those Players who intend to wander and go a-stroleing, this Volume, and a few ordinary properties is enough to set them up, and get money in any Town in England. And Fiddlers purchasing of this Book have a sufficient stock for all Feasts and Entertainments. And if the Mountebanck will be*

*can*

### The Preface.

carry this Book, and three or four young Fellows to Act what is here set down for them, it will most certainly draw in Auditors enough, who must needs purchase their Drugs, Potions, and Balsums. This Book also is of great use at Sea, as well as on Land, for the merry Saylor's in long Voyages, to the East or West Indies; and for a Chamber Book in general it is most necessary to make Physick work, and cease the pains of all Diseases; being of so great use to all sorts and Sexes, I hope you will not fail to purchase it, and thereby you will oblige

Your Friend,

*Fra. Kirkman.*

THE

# The Black Man.

## The Actors Names.

*Black Man.*

*Thumpkin.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Brush.*

*Susan.*

*Enter Thumpkin and Susan.*

*Thump.* Sweet *Susan* remember the words I have said.

*Sus.* I'll rest on my *Thumpkin*, I'll do as I may.

*Thump.* Then soon in the night I will come to thy Bed,  
And spend the whole time in sweet pleasure and play.  
I'll chace thee.

*Sus.* I'll embrace thee, my Love and delight.

*Thump.* And spend the whole time in sweet sports of the night.

*Sus.* But what if you afterwards should me mislike;  
And not be contented to make me your Wife.

*Thump.* Ne're fear, I will stand to it if I do strike,  
Although, *Sus*, it cost poor *Thumpkin* his Life.

I will love thee.

*Sus.* I will prove thee, who-ever says no.

*Thump.* Jog on then, my pretty *Susan*; come, *Sus*, let us go.

A

*Enter*

# The Black Man.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* You are well over-taken, Sir ; whither so fast ?

2. *Gent.* He's got him a pretty Companion beside.

*Thump.* I'm jogging hard by, Sir.

1. *Gent.* Pray make not such haste. Are you the Groom, Sir, and this your fair Bride ?

*Thump.* Why I, Sir.

2. *Gent.* You lye, Sir.

*Thump.* What a pox mean you by this ?

1. *Gent.* Then see, Sir, we'll see, Sir, your Lads with a kiss.

*Thump.* I thought your chaps water'd : Come, *Sue*, let us go, We've paid for our passage, and now we are free.

2. *Gent.* Nay, soft, Sir, a while, it must not be so, You may go if you please, but your Lads stays with me.

*Thump.* Alas, Sir.

1. *Gent.* No pals, Sir, by this hand I protest ; I speak now in earnest, I mean not in Jest.

*Thump.* In Jest, or in Earnest, I care not a pin ; 'Tis not you bravado's shall bear her away.

2. *Gent.* Now soft, Brother *Roger*, pray what doth he mean ?

1. *Gent.* Perhaps in his Valour shew some bloody Fray.

*Thump.* O no, Sir.

2. *Gent.* Why so, Sir ?

*Thump.* I mean not to fight.

1. *Gent.* Then pack, Sir ; your back, Sir ; get out of our sight.  
[ *Exit Thumpkin.*

2. *Gent.* Come, Sweet-heart, look not so sadly,  
All for the loss of a Countrey Clown ;

Prethee look merrily,

Prethee look cheerily,

Cast



## *The Black Man.*

Cast away cares, and sorrow down.

*Suf.* How can I look merrily?

How can I look chearily?

All in the absence of my Dear:

I cannot look merrily,

No, nor chearily,

Since my true Love is not hear.

1. *Gent.* Hold thee contented, thou shalt have thy liking;

We but for kindness put in for a share:

Thou shalt get no harm by our striking,

We'll play fair, and stake fair, and play ware for ware.

*Enter Thumpkin.*

*Thump.* As ye came from *Walsingham* saw ye not my Dear

2. *Gent.* Truly Aged Father, no.

*Thump.* Ye lye, ye Rogues, she's here.

[*Aside*

She was as fair as fair might be, and of a comely hue.

1. *Gent.* Oh, such a Lass for my money.

*Thump.* More Whoring Rogue are you.

[*Aside*

2. *Gent.* Prethee sweet, give me thy hand;

Say, Dearest, wilt be mine?

1. *Gent.* Nay, soft, my Friend, that must not be;

I will not yield her thine.

2. *Gent.* Sweet, by this Old Man stand thou then,

Whilst he and I do try

Which shall bear the prize away.

*Thump.* And that I hope shall I.

[*Aside*

[*They fight*

And art thou here my own sweet heart?

*Suf.* Who is this I see?

*Thump.* I am thy *Thumpkin* stiff and stout,

Who hath fool'd them bravely.

A a

*Suf.* Nimm

# *The Black Man.*

*Suf.* Nimble then let us be gone,  
Without all delay;

*Thump.* Whilst they are fighting for the Bone,  
I will bear the prize away. [ *Exeunt.*

1. *Gent.* But soft, my Friend, why do we fight?  
S'death, where is the VVench?

2. *Gent.* This Lecherous gray-beard hath us beguil'd,  
And away hath born her hence.

1. *Gent.* Then let's like Lightning him pursue,  
And for this Treacherous part,  
VVe'l give the gray-beard Rogue his due,  
S'death, I am vext at heart. [ *Exeunt, losing the Wench.*

*Enter Thumpkin and Susan.*

*Thump.* Jog on, my pretty *Susan*;  
How lik'st thou my device?

I think I over-reach'd the Rogues,  
And gull'd them in a trice.

*Suf.* Thy wit has got my Liberty,  
And freed me from all woe.

*Thump.* Jog on, Jog on, my pretty *Sue*;  
Come, *Susan*, let us go.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* You are well over-taken, Sir.  
I'm glad I've found you out.

*Thump.* O woe is me, O woe is me;  
They'll hang me out of doubt.

Look how my back-side trembles, and

## The Black Man.

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See how my buttocks quake :

O woe is me, O woe is me,

VVhat Excuse shall I make?

2. *Gent.* None at all, Sir; here's part of a Mornings purchase for you, get up.

[ *They set him on a stool with a sheet about him, like a Ghost.*

1. *Gent.* In this same plight, Sir, thus disguis'd,

A mummie you must go.

*Thump.* I never got a VVench with Child,

VVhy should you use me so?

1. *Gent.* No matter for your Wenching, Sir, if any body come, Remember 'tis our will, that still you answer all with mum.

*Thump.* But how if any Body, Sir,

Should ask me what's a Clock?

1. *Gent.* Then answer them with mum, you Slave.

*Thump.* Then they will think I mock.

2. *Gent.* No matter for their thinking, Sir,

If any body come;

Remember still, it is our will,

You answer all with mum.

*Thump.* Mum, mum; *Sue, Sue,* mum.

1. *Gent.* Mum, you Slave. [ *Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

*Enter Brush.*

*Brush.* Come buy a Brush --- Buy a Brush for your Cloaths,  
To keep them from the dust and Moths;

Handfill I will not forsake,

Lucky money I would take.

Come buy a Brush, on Table-Book, will ye buy a Brush ---

*Thump.* Mum ---

*The Black Man.*

*Brush.* VVhat is this I do behold?  
 All my Joynts do quake with cold;  
 'Tis the Spirit of some lewd Knave,  
 Newly risen from his Grave:  
 And wandering from his home, doth fright  
 Those that walk i' th' dead of Night.  
 Gentle Spirit, tell to some  
 The cause of thy appearance —

*Thump.* Mum.

*Brush.* 'Tis a gentle Ghost I see,  
 He and I shall soon agree;  
 I'll Barter all the ware I've here  
 For Bottle Ale, and double Beer.

Come, come, come, to the next Red Leticie let us —

*Thump.* Mum.

*Brush.* VVhat, nothing but mum: Mum by your self, and  
 be hang'd if you will. *[Exit running.]*

*Thump.* O woe is me, was ever Man thus croll?  
 In this poor plight my wits I've almost lost.

My pretty *Sue*

I bid adieu:

And here like one that's dumb;

In this sad plight,

Much like a spright,

Must answer all with mum.

But 'tis no matter —

I'll turn my mum to ho, ho, ho;

And fright the next doth come or go.

*Enter*

*The Black Man.*

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*Enter Black Man.*

*Black.* Black I do cry.  
Will you any of me buy?  
Look on my Wares, and view them well; Cloaths I do want,  
and my money it is scant, and my Trade, pox on't, is but  
poor and bare. Buy black; buy my black Ware. Maidens  
if you will come and try your skill; I have black, buy my  
black, the best you e're did lack; come, a swop, a swop; be  
it old Boots, or Shoes, handfil not refuse. Come buy my  
black Tinder-box; what is't you lack? How long shall I  
call and cry, e're handfil I take: Maidens buy, buy, buy;  
but ah to me, what's this I see? My mirth and glee is turn'd  
to grief.

*Thump.* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

*Black.* Oh, gentle spright, thy ghastly sight does me af-  
fright, what shall I do?

*Thump.* Man, forbear this place,

For none to hurt I seek;

Let not my shadow chace

Thy countenance from thy cheek.

Then Man forbear, this Garment wear, to all that comes or  
goes, to thy best skill, perform my will, by answering all  
with Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Who's that, Old House?

*Black.* What *Thumpkin*? Old House do's call me? If I  
had been an Old House thou hadst shaken me to pieces e're  
this; I'm sure the Gable end of my House began to open in  
the Joice. But why did you fright me so, *Thumpkin*?

*Thump.* Ah, Old House, I have had the worst luck.  
Didst thou not know my Sweet-heart?

*Black.* What, *Sue*, at the Church stile?

A 4

*Thump.* I,

## *The Black Man.*

*Thump.* I, the same, a couple of Cony-catching Rascals have stoln her from me.

*Black.* What, were they Butchers, or Rabbet-men.

*Thump.* They might be Butchers by their slippery tricks, but I take them to be Gentlemen, Cony-catchers, Smell-smocks, Tear-plackers. Now, Old House, if thou wilt help me to get her again, thou shalt have her Maiden-head, if thou canst get it.

*Black.* Sayst thou so? Well, a match if it stand.  
But what must I do?

*Thump.* Why, do you take this Sheet, and do as I did.

*Black.* I, but who shall cry my Black?

*Thump.* Why, that will I; now hear. Come buy my black, delicate black, who buys my black, dainty fine white black, come buy my black, [Exit.]

### *Enter Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Our Sentinel keeps well his standing.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* But has not done to our commanding.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* Wherefore did he leave his mumming?

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* The reason was of our not coming.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* This House is haunted surely, Brother.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* See, here comes just such another.

[Enter Thumpkin.]

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.*

## *The Black Man.*

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1. *Gent.* Brother, I think it is the Devil.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* He's come to plague us for our evil.

*Black.* Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. [ *Jumps off the Stool.*

*Kind Young Man* you have abused, fa la, fa la.

*Thump.* And in troth his Love mis-used, fa la, la.

*Black.* Your furious Weapons straight deliver, fa, la, la.

*Thump.* See how the Rascals quake and quiver, fa, la, la.

*Both.* We do, we do, here, pray Sirs, take e'm, fa, la, la.

*Black.* Our looks do like an Ague shake e'm, fa, la, la.

*Both.* It does, it does, pray leave your roaring, fa, la, la.

*Thump.* Be gone, and say y'ave scapt a scouring, fa, la, la.

[ *Exeunt.*

Venus

Venus and Adonis,  
OR, THE  
Maid's Philosophy.

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The Actors Names.

*Venus.*

*Adonis.*

*Two Hunts-men.*

---

*Enter Venus and Adonis.*

*Venus.* **A** *Donis,* wilt thou now from me be gone?  
And leave me here to mourn and ligh alone?  
Regards thou not the flower of my Youth:  
Which of my tender Love t'haſt had ſuch proof?  
Thou captivated haſt long ſince my heart,  
And wilt thou now unkindly from me part?  
O, do not go, the dangers very great;  
Thy Death I much do fear it will create.

*Adonis.* Fair



Venus and Adonis

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*Adonis.* Fair Nymph, leave off to sigh for me;  
A quick return I'll make to thee.  
No dangers in these Huntings are,  
Therefore from grief I pray forbear:  
VVhilst I am gone take thou my heart,  
VVhich is of me the better part.  
Then Dearest sigh no more in vain,  
For I shall soon be back again;  
And with such Joys my Queen I'll Crown,  
As shall unto the VVoods resound.

*Venus.* Since you will go, prosperity  
Attend you to Eternity.

*Ado.* The like to you, dear Saint, I wish,  
VVith all the happiness and bliss  
The gods can give, a while farewell,  
VVhen next we meet all will be well.

*Venus.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Adonis Hunting, and wounded.*

*Ado.* Ah, what a sad unfortunate Man was I,  
Not to observe the tears of her fair Eye.  
Her sweet persuasions not to have me go,  
Still to her suit I ever answer'd no.  
And yet, grim Death, it is not thee I fear,  
For her alone is all my grief and care.  
Adieu, fair *Venus*, adieu to thee a while,  
Our future Joys will make us both to smile,

*Enter*

## Venus and Adonis.

*Enter Venus seeing Adonis dead.*

*Venus kneeling.* A me, that e're I liv'd to see thy death.  
A woe is me.

What cruel Fate brought this fight hither?

Why did not we dye both together?

How sad and unhappy is my Fate,

Thus to be made unfortunate?

Farewell unto my dearest Love,

Untill that we do meet above.

*Enter two Hunt-men.*

1. *Hunt.* Ha, who is't that on yon place doth lye,  
That is so stain'd with a vermillion dye?

2. *Hunt.* I know not truly, let us thither go.

1. *Hunt.* With all my heart, that we the truth may know.  
[*Going towards him.*

Alas, we only thought to wound the Hart,  
But now I see *Adonis* bears the smart.

Let's bear him hence, and speedily return,  
And safe conduct him to his peaceful Urn.

*Philetis*

# Philetis and Constantia.

## The Actors Names.

<i>Philetis.</i>	In Love with <i>Constantia.</i>
<i>Philocrisus.</i>	Brother to <i>Constantia.</i>
<i>Gustardo.</i>	Rival to <i>Philetis.</i>
<i>An Old Man.</i>	Father to <i>Constantia.</i>
<i>Constantia.</i>	Sister to <i>Philocrisus.</i>

## Enter Philetis.

*Philetis.* O Cupid, thou whose uncontrouled sway  
Do all Celestial Deities obey.  
O force *Constantia's* heart to yield to Love,  
Of all thy works thy Master-piece 'twill prove;  
O kindle flames in her like those in me,  
And grant that I her Beauty now may see;  
And view those Eyes that with their glorious light  
Do only give contentment to my sight.  
Just like a Ship, whilst every Mountain Wave  
Threatens the Marriner with a gaping Grave;  
Such is my case as doth my fate appear,  
Or like distracted between hope and fear.  
Now to the Woods I'll go, and there complain;  
No comfort can I have to ease my pain.

*Enter Constantia.*

*Const.* To whom shall I my sorrows show?  
Not to Love, for he is blind, and my *Philetis* doth not know.  
The inward sorrows of my mind, and all these senseless Walls  
that are round about me cannot hear. [Exit]

*Enter Philocritus, Constantia's Brother.*

*Philocri.* The Crystal Brooks which gently run between  
The shadowing Trees, and keep the Meadows green,  
To hear *Philetis* tell his woful state,  
In shew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.  
His cause of sadness I intend to know,  
Since unto him such Friendship I do owe.  
Who leaves to guide the Ship whilst storms arise  
Is guilty both of sin and Cowardize.  
Behind some Tree I here my self will hide,  
Perhaps I may remain by him unspy'd. [Exit]

*Enter Philetis.*

*Philet.* Long have I staid, and yet have no relief,  
Because she knows not of my killing grief:  
Long have I Lov'd, yet have no favour shown,  
Because I fear to make my sorrows known.  
For why, alas, should she but once dart  
At me disdain, would kill my subject heart:  
But he who hath all sorrows born before,  
Need not to fear to be oppress with more.

Philetis and Constanria.

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Enter Philocritus from behind the Tree.

*Philocri.* No longer now (my Friend) I can forbear;  
My dear *Philetis*, by thy self I'll swear  
To rule this passion, if it may not be,  
Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may see.

*Philet.* Amazement strikes me dumb; what shall I do?  
Shall I reveal, or yet deny to show:  
If I reveal my Love, I fear 'twill prove  
A let, if not, it may his Anger move.  
These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charbdis* stand,  
Whilst *Cupid*, a blind Pilot, doth command.  
But now I am resolv'd, my dear *Philocritus*,  
Yet censure not, but give me leave to ease  
my case with words, my grief you should have known e're  
this, if that my heart had been my own; I am all Love, my  
heart is all on fire, which kindles in my breast a flame.  
Desire no Physick can re-cure my weak Estate;  
My Wound is grown too great, too desperate.

*Philocri.* Yet there is no Physician can apply  
The Medicine e're he know the Malady.

*Philet.* Yet he who acquainteth others with his moan,  
Adds to his Friend grief, but cureth not his own.

*Philocri.* That burden may be born with two with care,  
Which is, perhaps, too great for one to bear.  
I should mistrust your Love, to hide from me  
Your thoughts, and tax you with inconstancy.

*Philet.* To sport with catching snares, which Love hath set,  
Like a poor flye caught in *Arachnes* Net:  
So have I sported with her beauteous light,  
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

Thay

That so hath toucht my Love-sick Soul, that I  
Shall live in torment, though each minute dye.

*Philocri.* Who is't, *Philetas*, that doth thee so move?  
I may, perhaps, assist you in your Love.  
My counsel thus the error may reclaim,  
Or my salt tears quench thy anoying flame.

*Philet.* Like *Egypt's Nilus*, so my Eyes do flow,  
Yet all the warry Planets I bestow  
Is to my flames annoy like *Dodems Spring*:  
That lights the Torch the which is put therein.  
Yet she is call'd *Constantia*, tears the best  
Expressors of true sorrow speak the rest.

*Philocri.* And is this all, what e're your grief will ease,  
It shall be soon done by *Philocrites*.  
Think all you wish perform'd, but see the day,  
Tir'd with his heat, is hastning now away.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Philetis and Constantia*.

*Phi. kneeling.* Fairest of all whom the bright beams do cover,  
Do not the sighs of a submissive Lover,  
Do not these tears, these speaking tears despise,  
First struck to Earth by your all dazling Eyes.  
And do not you condemn that ardent flame  
That from your self, from your own Beauty came:  
And since it onely in your power doth lye  
To kill or save, O help, or else I dye.

*Constant.* I for your pain am grieved, and would do,  
My Honour sav'd, what e're may pleasure you.  
But if beyond those limits you demand,  
I must not answer, neither understand.

*Philet.* Believe

Philetis and Constantia.

17

*Philet.* Believe me (Maiden) chaste is my desire,  
As is thy thoughts, 'tis no dishonest fire :  
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be  
Eclipsed by disdain and Cruelty.

*Const.* Ah, how shall I reply, my Dear, th'ast won  
My Love, and eke my heart y'ave overcome.  
And if I should deny thy Love, then I  
Should prove a Tyrant to my self and dye :  
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,  
And thy sweet Beauty which did me so move.  
Those Eyes that drew like Load-stones with their might  
The hardest heart one mind to leave me quite.

*Philet.* Oh, my Soul already feels the bliss of Heaven, and  
may I lose all happiness,  
If once my thoughts e're tax thee e're I'm dead,  
May the just gods pour vengeance on my head.

*Enter Old Father, taking his Daughter by the hand.*

*Fath.* Such bold Intruders hence I do deny,  
Into my House without my Liberry ;  
Therefore depart, I charge you to forbear  
My Daughters presence here or any where.

*Philet.* Nay, good Sir.

*Fath.* Not at all, Sir.

*Const.* Farewell, my Love, hereafter wish to meet,  
As I do in one Tomb, one Winding-sheer. [ *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Philetis and Constantia.*

*Philet.* Since now, my Dear, propitious is the time  
T' enjoy our Love, let us not then resign

B

Up

Up what we wish, for Opportunity  
 May soon the wings of Love out-flye:  
 Who lets slip Fortune, he shall seldome find,  
 Occasion once past by is bald behind:  
 For when your Father shall pursue the Hare,  
 If you'l be ready, I will meet you there;  
 Thence we'l depart with safety, and no more  
 With Dreams of pleasure, only heal our sore.

*Const.* Now I am wrapt in Joy, since you have found  
 A way to ease the torments of our wound.

*Philet.* Fairest, let's take an happy parting kiss,  
 Suspicion hinders Loves immediate Bliss. [ *Exeunt.*

*Running over the Stage a Hunting, Philetis lyes in ambush  
 and catcheth Constantia; Guiscardo, Philetis his Ri-  
 val, finding him, runs him through the Body.*

*Philet.* Oh, see, *Constantia*, my short Race is run,  
 But live more happy then thy Love hath done.  
 See how my Blood the thirsty ground doth dye,  
 And when I'm dead, then think sometimes on me:  
 Mourn my short time permits me not to tell,  
 For Death now seizeth me; my Dear, farewell.

[ *Dyes.*

*Guiscardo takes Constantia by the hand.*  
 Question not my intents, nor fill the Wood  
 With clamours loud, I'll do what's for your good:  
 You need not in contempt have thrown your heart  
 On poor *Philetis* here, you knew my smart.  
 Thus wrong my mind with sudden anger fill  
 And thus my Active hand your Minion kill.  
 Other affronts with patience I have born;  
 Revenges causes, or immediate scorn.

*Enter*



*Enter Philocritus with a drawn Sword, runs Guiscardo through.*

*Philocri.* Nay stay, *Guiscardo*, think not Heavens in jest,  
This Sword I'll sheath into thy Villains Breast:  
'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy State,  
I'm sent by *Jove* for to Revenge his Fate.  
Thus, Villain, Traytor, thus thy Life I'll send  
A Sacrifice to appease my slaughter'd Friend.

*Guiscardo.* Thus I'll reward thee for thy Victory:

*[Runs Philocritus through]*

*Philo.* Farewell, *Constantia*, for I now must dye.

*Const.* My dear *Philocritus*, pray hear my cry:  
Speak to thy Sister. Yet no voice reply.

*[She runs to Philocritus, and kneels by him; and then starts up, and runs to Philetis, and kneels,*

Oh stay, blest Soul, stay but a little here,  
Whilst I have time to Conquer sudden fear;  
Then to *Elizian* Mansion both together  
We'll Journey, and be Married there for ever.

*[She takes him by the hand.]*

Oh, my *Philetis*, for thy sake will I  
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy.  
I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,  
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

*[She takes up his Sword and falls upon it.]*

Oh, my *Philetis*, now receive my Breath,  
That flies to thee on the pale wings of Death.

*[Staggering.]*

*[Dies.]*

# King *Abasuerus* and Queen *ESTHER*.

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The Actors Names.

*King.*

*Queen.*

*Haman.*

*A Messenger.*

---

*Enter King and Queen.*

*K.* **W**Hat would my *Queen*, what would you have of me?  
Ask freely, and I'll give it unto thee;  
Ask half my Kingdom, 'tis at thy command;  
For who is it my power that dares withstand?

*Queen.* Then this, my King, is all; I humbly pray  
That you and *Haman* will come here this day,  
Unto a Feast that *Esther* will prepare,  
Then to my King my grief I shall declare.

*King.* Call *Haman* forth: The Queen doth us invite  
Part of a Banquet to partake this Night. [*Enter Haman.*  
Therefore be sure you fail not to be there;  
Me-thinks I long to taste of *Esther's* Cheer. [*Exeunt.*

*Haman solus.* Thus do all seek to purchase my regard;  
And from my hand receive their due reward:  
Yet *Mordecai* (proud Fool) he wont obey,  
Derides his power, though *Haman* bears the way.

Therefore

*King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther.*

21

Therefore I'll not be quiet till I see  
Proud *Mordecai* exalted on a Tree.  
I'll to the King, who will not me deny,  
Then raise a Gallows fifty Cubits high.

*Enter King and Queen.*

*King.* Now speak, my Queen, what is't of me you crave?  
Ask freely, and I swear that you shall have  
Your full demand, I will resign  
Up half this Kingdom, if you will, 'tis thine.

*Queen.* It is my Life (great Sir) that I do crave,  
And that my Peoples Lives you also save.  
Had we been sold for Slaves, I'd held my Tongue,  
And patiently would have endur'd the wrong.  
But to be threatned every day with Death  
Is worse then Death it self ———

*King.* Who is the Man? I'll make him ever rue,  
Who durst attempt such cruel things to do :  
For as I'm King, I'm bound to do you good ;  
And in your just defence I'll spend my Blood.

*Queen.* *Haman's* the Man, who in a little space  
Threatens Destruction to the Jewish Race :  
On, wicked man, he don't deserve to live,  
The softest heart can him no pity give.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Most mighty King, by *Hamans* House hard by  
There stands a Gallows fifty Cubits high,  
Made for to Hang poor *Mordecai* the Jew,  
Who ever has been faithful unto you.

*King.* Hang him thereon, let this Recorded be  
To future Ages, as an Act from me.  
Thus let imperious *Haman* be repaid,  
And fall i'th' snares which he for others laid.

[*Exeunt.*  
*King*

# King Solomon's Wisdom.

The Actors Names.

*King Solomon.*

*Two Harlots.*

*Executioner.*

*Enter King Solomon Solus.*

*Solo.* **I** Am but Young, and in my tender Years,  
Which over-whelms my heart with grief & fears  
How shall *I Israel* Rule, that is so great?  
Now *I* am plac'd upon my Fathers seat.  
Heaven's grant me Wisdom, and *I* shall possess  
Both Honour, Wealth, Long Life, and Happiness.  
Where Wisdom goes before, we alwayes find  
That temp'ral Blessings seldom stay behind.

*Enter two Harlots.*

*1. Harl.* Justice, my Liege, an Accident beset,  
None can decide but King of *Israel*:  
We two together in one House did Live,  
And God to me a young Man-child did give.  
Some three dayes after, this same shameless Mother  
Was brought to Bed, deliver'd of another.

She

*King Solomon's Wisdom.*

23

She in the Night-time did her Child or'e-lay,  
And from my side my Infant stole away.  
When all was dark she from my Room did take  
My pretty Babe before that I could wake;  
And laid her dead Child in the room, but I  
Awaking, to her with her Child did flye,  
And taxt her with the Theft, but she deny'd it;  
Therefore, my gracious Liege, do you decide it.

2. *Harl.* Here's not one word of truth this Woman said,  
For my Child was the Living, hers the Dead.

*King.* Wonders on every side my Soul salute;  
When I would speak, distraction strike me mute.  
What Man is he that can this difference end?  
For this poor Infant both these Dames contend.  
This by her tears to be her due avers,  
And to'thers impudence proclaims it hers.  
Come, Executioner, divide the breach;  
Rip up the Child, and give one half to each.

*Execut.* I shall forthwith.

1. *Harl.* Forbear, great King, I'd rather you would have  
My Life a Sacrifice: My Infant save.

2. *Harl.* Let it be parted, King, and split a hare,  
You, Executioner, I'll have my share.

*King.* Now I have found where truth doth most abide,  
'Tis in her hearty sorrow, not thy Pride:  
Thou couldst not such a shameful Mother be  
To see the Babe slain in it's Infancy.  
Take thou the Child, and these sad thoughts destroy;  
Let former griefs give place to future Joy.

# Diphilo and Granida.

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## The Actors Names.

*Diphilo.*  
*Granida.*

A Shepherd.  
A Shepherdess.

---

*Enter Diphilo a Shepherd.*

*Diph.* **I** Once a Shepherd was upon the plains,  
Courting my Shepherdess among the Swains.  
But now that Courtly Life I bid adieu,  
And here a melancholy Life pursue.  
This shade's my covering, this bank my bed;  
These flowers my Pillow, where I lay my head.  
My Food the Fruit which grows about the Field;  
My Drink those tears my Eyes with sorrows yield.  
Though I was once a Shepherd Princely Born,  
Yet now I take this course, and Live forlorn.

[*Espies Granida.*

But ha, what's here? What shining Beauty's this?  
Which equally desires my shady bliss.

*Gran.* I'm lost in this dark Wilderness of care,  
Where I find nothing to prevent despair.  
No harmless Damsel wandering, no, nor Man:  
I am afraid I shan't be found again.

## Diphilo and Granida.

25

I am so thirsty, that I scarce can speak.

*Diph.* Can she grieve thus, and not my heart-strings break?

Miracle of Beauty, for you are no less;

Water is waiting on such happiness.

It is as clear as Crystal, and as pure.

*Gran.* O bless me, Heavens, are you a Christian sure?

*Diph.* Madam, I am no less, pray quench your thirst.

*Gran.* Kind Sir, I will, but let me thank you first. [*Drinks.*]

Indeed 'tis good, but you must better be,

In being so courteous, as to give it me.

*Diph.* Praise it not, sweetest Madam, for you know

On common Creatures this we oft bestow:

If I had any worthy thing call'd mine,

I should be proud to offer't to your Shrine.

*Gran.* Thou hast enough, for Love hath shot his Dart,

And to thy Weeds I'll yield my Princely heart.

*Diph.* Your Beauty, Princess, I confess it may

Challenge an Empire, or a greater sway;

Much more than is my worth, yet so much here

I am far more than what I do appear.

*Gran.* What e're thou art, believ't, I'll not repine;

If I am any thing, I'm surely thine.

*Diph.* Then Heav'n receive my Vows, the Palms shall move

When I'm inconstant, or exchange my Love.

Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,

Think Heaven hath motion left, and heat the fire.

And to close all, take this; I love so true, [*Gives her a Ring.*]

By Heav'n I swear to love none else but you.

*Gran.* Then lead on forwards to my Fathers Court,

We'll grace our Nuptials with some Princely sport.

*With*

# WILTSHIRE TOM,

## An Entertainment at Court.

---

### The Actors Names.

<i>Usher.</i>	
<i>Tom.</i>	<i>A Wiltshire Man.</i>
<i>Mr. Edward.</i>	<i>A Courtier.</i>
<i>Madge.</i>	<i>A Countrey Wench.</i>
<i>Ruchard.</i>	
<i>Doll.</i>	
<i>Wilkin.</i>	<i>A Shepherd.</i>
<i>Lucinda.</i>	<i>A Shepherdess.</i>

---

*As soon as the Queen had taken her place, a Gentleman-Usher standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his Head, and a Beard of the same Colour on his Chin, bestirring his staff much, and his tongue more, says thus.*

*Usher.* Stand by, there! Make place, bear back, bear back.

*The next thing that offer'd it self to the sight was a pleasant Countrey, for the most part Champain, from whence issued the Countrey Fellows, and first, Tom, speaking to the Gentleman-Usher.*

*Tom.* By your leave, Mr. Jintleman.

*Ush.* Now, Sir, whare would you gang?

*Tom.* Where is the Queen, chud spoke with the Queen?

*Ush.* Gang



*Ush.* Gang away, and be hanged you Carle, you speak with the Queen.

*Tom* having discover'd *Mr. Edward*, a *Courtier*, standing near the *Queen*, as looking on, calls to him.

*Tom.* O *Mr. Yedward*, *Mr. Yedward*.

*Mr. Ed.* How now, *Tom*, what's the matter?

*Tom.* Good *Mr. Yedward*. Help me to spoke with the Queen.

*Mr. Ed.* With the Queen, *Tom*, why with the Queen?

*Tom.* Chave a Presence for Her.

*Mr. Ed.* Thou dost not mean thine own, *Tom*, she can hardly see a worse.

*Tom.* Chave a Million for her.

*Mr. Ed.* A Million, *Tom*, that were a Present for a Queen indeed. Let him come in, but who halt thou there to help thee to bring it?

*Tom.* Chad not thought you had been zicke a voale. *Mr. Yedward*, as if *I* were not suffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeor.

*Mr. Ed.* O, your simile has made me understand you, but what great hopes are we safn from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds, to ten groats at the most. Well, thou woot deliver it *I* see; look about thee now, throw thy Eyes every way, and think which is the Queen.

*Tom.* Why, thonke you, *Mr. Yedward*, this gay Woman shud be she by her reparrel.

*Mr. Ed.* Away, you Ass.

Dost thou not see a Light out-shine the rest?

Two Stars that sparkle in a milky way,

Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* Crown,

Or *Berenices* hair, and so serene,

Their influence speak peace unto a Kingdome,

But thy dull Eyes dazle at such a lustre;  
Give me thy Present.

*Tom.* Zoft and vair, Mr. *Tedward*, two words to a bargain. Chil not take all the pair, and lose the thonke too. Chave no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chave washt mine eyne enough: and che think this to be the vairest Woman in the Company. Chill give it her at a venture: Mastris *Queer*, my Matter, for valt of a better presence has sent you here a Million — O 'tis here now, chud not be such an arrant Ass che warrant you, as when che was here last, che bus't *Madge* with my basket on my shoulder for once. Chil not trust these Court-nols no further then che can zee u'm. — How like you it, vorzooth, me-think it is but voolish mear. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it. were meat for a Queen indeed, nay, as good as any Counteze in Cursendome cud wush.

*Mr. Ed.* Well, Sir, since you have redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majesty no more. Be gone.

*A Violin plays, at which Tom looks about, as one amaz'd.*

*Tom.* What, a Munstrel! This is aumolt as good as a Paip i'faith. Good Mr. *Tedward*, if you have any business, go about it, for mine own part che mean to make Holy-day to day, don't zee chave my Holy-day reparrel on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for Doll, and *Richard* now; had they but thought of a Munstrel, the Headborough shud not ha kept them a whome, nor their Lasses neither.

*Madge from within.*

*Ma.* O, see where our *Thomas* is: *Thomas*, *Thomas*, shall we come in?

*Tom.* Who calls *Thomas*. Whoop: *Mage*, and *Richard*, and *Garvase*. — Pray good Mastris *Queen*, spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Mage* & her vellows in, shall

I shall see how fine we'll vote it, and when che come next, chill bring you zick a Cabbage shall be worth ten Millions. You man with the black dish on your head ! *Madge* and her yellowes must come in, zo they must. Come in, *Madge*, come in, *Ruchard*, Now goodman Munstrel as thou lovest Ale strike up, dost hyre, man, play me *Wiltshire Toms delight*, and chill zo wet those whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and besides chill gather groats a piece of all the company, if thou wert a pauper shud be worth six pence a piece to thee : hold, *Ruchard*, let *Doll* serve you, take *Jugg*, *Gervase*, and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our Town.

*The Country dance.*

*Richard offers to kiss Madge in the dance.*

*Tom.* Hands off, *Ruchard*, chill talk with you by and by.

*The dance ended.*

*Tom.* Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this up. *Zdaggers death*, bufs *Madge* vore my vace?

*Ruc.* Why shud not bufs *Madge*, chave as much right to her as your zell, you can spoke with a better grace che confess then my zell, youd be loth though to play at wasters with me for her, chud zo veize your gambrels.

*Doll.* Nay, good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not so tall a man of his hands as your self, *Richard*.

*Ma.* I, but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though, *Dorothy* ; he can zing and paibe, and dance with the best in our hundred, and for a voote, and a legg at end out, is *Richard* comparable think you?

*Tom.* Well said for thine own, *Madge*.

*Ma* I tell you, *Dorothy*, with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his own name, and for a need can help the high Constable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* do, play a little at wasters, and make the

the blood ( God blefs us ) run about his vellowes eares at a Wake, but turn him to speak to one of us, he cant say *bogh* to a Goose.

*Ric.* Cont I zo? Che can do though, an't were not for making the Company agast, chud so job you and your Sweet-hearts nolls toge ther, zo che wud.

*Doll.* How, *Richard*, strike a Maid, *Richard*, I hope when we are Married you won't strike me, *Richard*.

*Ric.* Che cont tell whare youle gi, me cause, cham as likely as no.

*Doll.* If you do, I'll find some body to strike in your place, *Richard*.

*Ma.* And truly *Dorothy* so my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, she has a Friend in a corner, to fall in with her presently.

*Tom.* I, and reason good, *Madge*, one House would never hold them else. Come, *Madge*, before this Company, shall's make a match?

*Ma.* Fie, *Thomas*, you never askt me the question. I

*Tom.* Why, don't I now?

*Ma.* I, but you shud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*.

*Tom.* No matter, *Madge*, we have burst gold together, which is all one.

*Ma.* Indeed and zo it is, but you that are so good a spokesman, *Thomas*, shud have uttered your mind before now, must I guess by your looks think you?

*Tom.* Why, what shud zay? if thoult ha'me, chill have thee, *Madge*; what shuds make many words of nothing, hufs, and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy vift. Take *Doll* *Madge*; and all Friends. Here's my hand, *Ruchard*, chill take thy part against this Town and the next.

*Ric.* And

*Rich.* And thou zaiſt zo, chill take thine, and chill ſo veeze the Taylor of *Amſburies* Coat at the next Wake.

*Here enters a Shepherd clad in a Coat of freeze, and a Shepherdeſs in the like manner, habited with broad Hats on their Heads, and Hooks in their Hands: To theſe*

*Tom ſpeaks.*

*Tom.* O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, ſhud ha come zooner, Man. Welcome, *Maul*, Maſtriſs Queen, you don't know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maul* is, chill tell you. Theſe twain were vengeance in Love one with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the World. *Maul* here had a very peſtilence woman to her Mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

*Ma.* Yes truly *Thomas*, that ſhe is, as any in *Wiltſhire*, though I ſay it.

*Tom.* Now, that Mother being a peſtilence woman, as I ſed before, woud by no means poſſible that theſe twain, loving wretches, ſhud be man and wife together, cauſe *Wilkin* had not zeepe enough vorzooth, vor that Mother was damnation covetous: Yet for all that, *Maul* being a parlous Wench, as you zee, ſtole from her Mother, and clapt up the Match between um, her Mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now, all the Pariſh wondred why ſhe ſhud be led into a vooles Paradise by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell very inch, but when all came to all, ſhe zed ſhe was led away with his ſinging vorzooth. Now, to zay troth, he zings well, though he be nothing comparable to the Muſtrel, that zung the zong of Short-coat, when you were here laſt, vor all that, you ſhall hear him zing a bomination vyne zong of his love to *Maul*. Zing, *Wilkin*, we'le get leave to ſtay zo long. What, che think thou wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle man, if there be a Viddle in the Houſe.

*He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.*

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and here's one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithe make zhift for once.

*The Shepherd takes the Theorbo and sings.*

THE SONG. *Shepherd. Lucinda.*

Sh. **D** I D not you once, Lucinda, vow  
You would Love none but me?

Lu. I, but my Mother tels me now  
I must love wealth, not thee.

Sh. 'Tis not my fault my Sheep are lean,  
Or that they are so few.

Lu. Nor mine; I cannot love so mean,  
So poor a thing as you.

Sh. Cruell; thy Love is in thy power,  
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu. But Shepherd, think how great my dowre  
Is in respect of thine.

Sh. Ah me! Lu. Ah me! Sh. Mock you my grief?  
I pity thy hard Fate.

Sh. Pity for Love is poor relief,  
I'd rather choose thy hate.

Lu. But I must Love thee. Sh. No. Lu. Believe,  
I'll seal it with a kist,

And give thee no more cause to grieve,  
Then what thou find'st in this.

Sh. Lu. Be witness then you powers above,  
And by these holy bands,  
Let it appear that truest Love  
Grows not from wealth, or Lands.

*After the Song.*

Tho. Well, we'll take our leaves for this time, when you have a mind to more of this, tell but Mr. Tedward, and we'll come at a whistle.

OENONE,

# OENONE, A Pastoral.

## The Names of the Persons.

*Aminas*  
*Dorilas* } Two Shepherds in Love with *Oenone*.  
*Strephon*  
*Dorus* } Two other Shepherds.  
*Hobbinall* } A Rustick Swain, conceited that  
*God Pan.* } *Oenone* is enamored of him.  
*Satyrs.*  
*Punch.* }

*Oenone.*  
*Amarillis.*  
*Cloris.*  
*Phyllis.*  
*Margery.*

*Enter Dorilas, as coming to the place where Oenones  
 Birth-day is to be Celebrated.*

*Dorilas.*

**T**His is the place, the way me-thought was long,  
 And my slow pace did my affection wrong.

C

For

For who is he that would not wing his haſt,  
 When by *Oenone's* eyes he ſhall be grac'd?  
 Moſt potent Shepherdeſſes who haſt power t'enthrall  
 Not only my poor heart alone, but all.  
 For every one that reigns here, ſtrives to be  
 Rather her captive, then at liberty.  
 Her eyes do perfectly two Suns preſent,  
 And yet but one graces the Firmament:  
 The colour of her lips doth juſtly ſhow  
 Like that of *Cherries* when they kindly grow;  
 And ſuch a form they have, they may entice  
 To think ſuch only grew in *Paradice*.  
 The Lambs are fatter that by her do feed,  
 And all her Ewes more frequently do breed  
 Then any Shepherds, and do yield each year  
 A larger fleece then any others bear;  
 As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,  
 And fed them with her looks more then the graſs.  
 If then ſhe will (when other Shepherds ſtand  
 To beg a favour from her eyes or hand)  
 Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then will be  
 Taught the true ſenſe of a felicity.  
 But ſoft, — me-thinks from yonder grove I hear  
 Voyces that are familiar to my ear,  
 I'll not go to them; for *Love* ſays my duty  
 Is to attend none but *Oenone's* beauty.

[ *Exit.*

A



Oenone, *A Pastoral.*

19

*A Dialogue sung between Dorus the Shepherd,  
and Cloris the Shepherdess.*

*Cloris.*

**Y**ou have forgot then (*Dorus*) your protest.

*Dor.* No, I have not, my *Cloris*, 'tis confess.

*Clor.* But yet I saw you slide

A Garland neatly ty'd

Into *Urania's* hand; let it suffice,

Though *Love* be blind, *Lovers* have many eyes.

*Dor.* Will you appear so strangely full of passion?

*Clor.* I have cause to fear dissembled love's in fashion.

*Dor.* Then why did you, I pray,

With *Scrophon* sport and play?

You kist and danc'd, till day was past its prime,

And all the while my heart did beat the time.

*Clor.* May I not dance, or harmlessly be kist?

*Dor.* So I may chance give garlands if I list.

*Clor.* But when you are so free,

Me-thinks you steal from me.

For every Lover will this Text approve,

There's charity in all things but in Love.

*Dor.* That day the storm fell to be true you swore,

*Clor.* When the Sun shin'd again, you vow'd much more.

*Dor.* Those faithful vows I made,

were by your self betray'd:

For I have learn'd to know it is my due,

To be no constanter in love than you.

C 2

*Chorus.*

## Oenone, A Pastoral.

Chorus.

*Then jealousies be gone, and keep my sheep,  
Lest that the Wolf should make their number small,  
But of my love nothing command shall keep,  
But Cloris will, and Cloris will is all.*

Enter Amintas and Dorilas.

*Amint.* Shepherd, thy love is most unnatural:  
For Nature does command friendships observance,  
But by the fond desires thy heart is fil'd with,  
Thou prov'st thy self ungrateful.

*Dor.* That Character was never coveted,  
Nor must I wrong my innocence so much,  
Nor to demand a reason of this slander.

*Amin.* I will produce the truth thou wouldst profess,  
A witness 'gainst thy self: How oft have I  
With care and industry preserv'd thy Flock?  
And when thy tender Lambs have been in danger,  
How many times have I oppos'd the Wolf,  
And made my strength defender of their weakness?  
And when thy self hast followed idle pastimes,  
Thy Flocks and mine have still been twin'd together,  
Till by my vigilance I have instructed  
The enemies to Shepherds and their Flocks.  
They were to fear me, as thy sheep did them.  
Nor have I had a thought (except those dear ones  
That have been busied by *Oenone's* virtues)  
Which has not still paid tribute to thy friendship.

*Dor.* You then would have prerogative in love,

And

Oenone, *A Pastoral.*

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And leave no privilege to me but friendship,  
If you allow *Oenone* virtuous,  
And that her eyes have power to pierce all hearts,  
Why should the man which you will call a friend,  
Be banisht from the blest society  
Of those who are her servants? 'Twere a crime  
Against her beauty to believe she should  
Merit but one mans service; he which reigns here,  
I know must love, and that necessity  
Makes rivals necessary.

*Scraph.* 'Tis a truth.

I must acknowledge, pardon me, my friend,  
I find the Nymph *Oenone* is too worthy;  
Yet her perfections (were they centupled)  
Shall not dissolve, nor in the least diminish  
What has been formerly esteem'd a triumph,  
Which is, a perfect friendship.

*Dor.* In that confidence

Thus we unite again ——— But who comes here?

*Enter Hobbinall with a paper in his hand.*

*Scraph.* 'Tis *Hobbinall*,

One that believes 'tis but *Oenone's* duty  
Directly to confess her self beholding  
To him for his affection: he supposes  
That his deserts are greater then her beauties,  
And is as confident the fair Nymph loves him,  
As we are that she does not; yet his fortune  
Is more to be commended then our fate;

C 3

Fol

nd

For she is pleas'd to smile at his rude actions,  
The best of our endeavours are not valued.

*Dor.* What paper's that he ruminates upon?  
Let us observe a little.

*Hob.* 'Tis a strange thing, I find my self out every day more  
then other, to be one of the understandingst, sweetest, neatest,  
and compleatest Shepherds that ever took hook in hand.  
Tother day I saw my face in a pail of water, and I had much  
ado to forbear drowning of my self: 'tis no wonder then,  
that the beauteous Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and  
lets all the other Shepherds shake their ears like Asses; And the  
truth is, if I can find never a handsomer she shall serve the  
turn. This was her Birth-day, she being born in the year —  
one thousand, six hundred, — nay, hold a little; but on this  
day of the month it was, Winter or Summer, in the honour  
of which we all keep holiday; and therefore for the credit of  
her beauty, and the honour of my own Poetry, have made  
cub a Copy of Verses on her, as will make her a thousand  
times handsomer then ever she was in her life. —

I will peruse them now with the eyes of understanding.

*He Reads.*

**O**Enone fair, whose Beauty does enrich us,  
Tell me the cause why thou dost so bewitch us.  
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten,  
This day I'll think on when th' art dead and rotten.  
'And though thy coyness and thy pretty scorn  
Makes many wish that thou hadst ne'er been born.

*Tet*

*Yet for my own part this I'll swear and say,  
I wish thy time of Birth were every day.*

If she do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity she should have Verses made on her as long as she lives.

*Strepb.* Let's interrupt him — *Hobbinall*, well mer.

*Hob.* It may be so.

*Dor.* But why so strange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow Shepherds.

*Hob.* You were once, but now I command you to know, I am a Master Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Master and Mistress.

*Strepb.* In part 'tis true, yet if you well consider, she makes you but her sport, no otherwise.

*Hob.* If she make me her sport, 'tis more then ever she can make of thee: for thou art one of the sowrest lookt fellows that ever crept out of a vinegar-bottle.

*Enter Oenone.*

*Dor.* Here comes the fairest *Idea* ever nourisht.

*Hob.* I will accost her.

*Strepb.* Forbear a while, good *Hobbinall*.

*Oenone.* It was my fault

To be so credulous; but 'twas his sin

To be so lavish of his protestations.

Oh *Paris*, *Paris*, thy inconstant nature

Argues the fickleness which Poets fanfie

In women, but a Fiction.

I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee  
 The onely person meriting respect,  
 Must now produce this thy particular falshood,  
 As one to dare example; let no more  
 The Shepherds beat strife to please *Oenone*,  
 Let every May-pole-meeting, every feast,  
 Be honour'd by a happier Nymph than I,  
 To be the Mistress of those harmless pastimes.

*Der.* Hail to the Nymph that graces *Idaes* vale,  
 Accept my service at this dayes solemnity.

*Sireph.* And if the same from me can be accepted,  
 Nothing so pleasing is as to present it.

*Hob.* I, you may talk as finely as you will, but when I come  
 to speak once, I'm sure you will be kickt off.

*Oen.* What you profess may well claim an acceptance.

*Hob.* Now will I see who is the most deserving Shepherd  
 in all the vale of *Idae* —— little rogue, how dost thou?

*Oenone.* O *Hobbinall*, you are welcome, I thought you  
 had forgot me, you are my sport, and should be ever near  
 me.

*Hob.* Look you there, I am her sport she says; when will  
 she give any of you such an honourable Title: but Sport, I  
 do not think but thou art a Conjuror, or a Witch, or a Devil  
 at least; for thou hast infused such a combustion of Poetry  
 in my head, that I fear I shall never be my own man again,  
 nor my Masters neither. —— There's a Copy of Verses,  
 read 'um; nay, they are my own, as sure as my name's *Hob-*  
*binal*.

*Oenone.* I thank you, Sport, I'll study a requital.

*Enter*

Oenone, *A Pastoral.*

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*Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris,  
and Phillis.*

*Amintas.* Fair one, we come to celebrate this day  
With other Shepherds who admire and joy,  
To know so fair a creature as your self  
At this time of the year made the world happy.

*Phil.* And we as bound to honour you (the fairest) that  
ever grac'd our sex, are come to attend upon your recreations.

*Oenone.* Your expressions,  
(As they cause blushes) do exact a thanks.

*Dor.* Honour me  
With your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead  
The way to all those pastimes which will follow.

*Oenone.* The honour is to me, and I accept it.

*Hob.* I'de laugh at that; no, *Sport*, I'll dance with thee  
my self.

*Oenone.* Some other time,  
By chance I may be at leisure.

*Hob.* Will you not? well, by this hand then I'll stand out  
and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

*A Dance.*

Pshaw, waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot;  
*Sport*, shall I shew thee a Dance of my own fashion?

*Oenone.* It cannot but content.

*Hob.* Nay, I know that; heark hither, Lads. [ *Ex. Hob. Str.*  
*Oenone.* Thus

*Oenone.* Thus I beguile my passion, shadowing over  
 With a false veil of mirth, my real sorrows ;  
 For when time takes an end, not all the stories  
 Which ever did lament forsaken Lovers,  
 Shall shew a parallel to my misfortune.  
 My griefs shall stay, when all my joys depart,  
 And nothing but sad thoughts shall fill my heart.

*Enter Punch.*

*Punch.* I will justifie that a Man had better have the Devil  
 Ride through his guts with a brambill of Briars at his Arse  
 then to be in Love ; but, as the Devil will have it, here she  
 comes that is the cause of it. [ *Enter Margery.*  
 Whither so fast, fair *Margery* ?

*Mar.* To meet you.

*Punch.* Ohappy day : pox on't, here's *Hobbinall* too.

[ *Enter Hobbinall.*

Oh thou that art the fairest in the bunch,  
 Pity the panting paunch of pining *Punch*.  
 Thou art my lovely Trollop.

*Hob.* *Punch*, you lye.

*Mar.* Nay, if you fall out I'll leave your company.

*Hob.* O stay thou sweet, soft, silkin slipe of sin,  
 We both fall out, because we can't fall in.

*Mar.* I cannot have you both, but if you two  
 Will obey all I order you to do,  
 I will have one of you ;

And it shall be he

Who serves in my commands most speedily.

*Both.* Agreed,



Oenone, *A Pastoral.*

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*Both.* Agreed, agreed.

*Mar.* And to begin this contest,  
Let me but see now who can woo me best.

*Hob.* Well, I will begin with some Verses I made upon  
your good parts.

*Mar.* Come, proceed.

*Hob.* Your black Eyes shine like blacks in blume of bean,  
Cheeks blush like new-cut Bacon fat and lean.  
Your doobil tire of Teeth do shew forsooth,  
Whiter then Ivory, or abithes Tooth.  
Your voyce like Bird in Hedge in time of Spring,  
Does even bewitch my senses when you sing.

*Punch.* To sum up all, in this he calls you Witch,  
A Bean-ey'd Hedge-Bird, and a Bacon-fac'd Bitch.  
Come, now for me, stand as you did before.

*Mar.* No, be commanded, I will hear no more.  
But to end all, let us advance  
Our active Trotters in a Countrey Dance.

*Punch, Hobbinall, and the Shepherds dance a Morris.*

*Hob.* How like you this, *Sport*,

*Oenone.* Beyond Expression, *Sport*;  
I see your Vertues were conceal'd too long.

*Hob.* I, so they were, but I mean to shew them every day  
as fast as I can. But firrah, *Sport*, yonder's God *Pan*, with a  
company of the bravest Saryrs that ever wore horns on their  
heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and  
saw off all their horns.

[*Exit.*

*Enter*

Oenone, *A Pastoral.**Enter Pan.*

*Pan.* Hail to that Nymph that graces *Idæus* Vale,  
 Whose beauty adds a Lustre to all those  
 That do acknowledge *Pan* as their chief Patron.  
 Not any *Satyr* henceforth for thy sake,  
 Shall own the nature he was bred withall,  
 But all their actions shall be like thy beauty,  
 Smooth and delightful, and when thou commandest,  
 Sweet *Philomel* shall quite forget her Rape,  
 And overcome with joy that thou art present,  
 Joyn with the other birds in chearful notes,  
 The very trees shall entertain no whisper  
 From the rude winds, but what shall please thy ear,  
 And when thou speak'st the beasts shall dance more nimbly,  
 Then when the *Thracian Orpheus* charm'd their senses.  
 And every object that can yield delight,  
 Shall be *Oenones* vassall: in the mean time,  
 I, and those *Satyrs* that attend my person,  
 Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,  
 She can make gentle a rough *Satyrs* mind.

*Oenone.* Since my weak fortune knows no retribution,  
 But my weak thanks, accept them, being presented.

*Pan.* Approach then, *Satyrs*, and let each one strive  
 To express the service due unto *Oenone*.

*A dance of Satyrs.*

*Oenone.* Now honor me to grace my Bower a while,  
 Where I will strive to let my Patron prove,  
 How fain I would be grateful to his love.

[*Exeunt.*  
 The

THE  
Merry conceited Humours  
OF  
*Bottom the Weaver.*

---

The Names of the Actors.

*Quince* the Carpenter, who speaks the Prologue.

*Bottom* the Weaver.

*Flute* the Bellows-mender.

*Snout* the Tinker.

*Snug* the Joyner.

*Starveling* the Taylor.

*Oberon* King of the Fairies, who likewise may present the Duke.

*Titania* his Queen, the Dutchess.

*Pugg.* a Spirit, a Lord.

*Pyramus.*

*Thisbe.*

*Wall.*

*Lion.*

*Moonshine.*

} Who likewise  
may present  
three Fairies.

---

*Enter Bottom the Weaver, Quince the Carpenter, Snug  
The Joyner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker,  
and Starveling the Taylor.*

*Bottom.* **C**ome, Neighbours, let me tell you, and in troth  
I have spoke like a man in my daies, and his  
right

right too, that if this business do but please his Grace's fancy, we are made men for ever.

*Quince.* I believe so too, Neighbour, but is all our company here?

*Bot.* You had best to call them generally man by man according to the Scrip.

*Qu.* Here is the scrawl of every mans name which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play our Interlude between the Duke and the Dutchess on his Wedding day at night.

*Bot.* First good *Peter Quince* say what the Play treats of, then read the names of the Actors, and so grow on to a point.

*Qu.* Marry our Play is the most Lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work I assure you, and a merry; now good *Peter Quince* call forth your Actors by the Scrawl; Masters spread your selves.

*Qu.* Answer as I call you, *Nicholas Bottom* the Weaver.

*Bot.* Ready, name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Qu.* You *Nic. Bottom* are set down for *Pyramus*.

*Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

*Qu.* A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for Love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it, If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms, I will condole in some measure, to the rest, yet my chief humour is for a Tyrant. I would play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in two, make all split, the raging Rocks, and shivering Shocks shall break the locks of Prison gates, and *Phœbus* carr shall shine from far, and make and marr, the

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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the foolish fates: Now name the rest of the Players. This is  
*Ercles* reign, a Tyrants reign, a Lover is more condoling.

*Qu.* Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.

*Flut.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Qu.* You must take *Thisbe* on you,

*Flute.* What is *Thisbe*, a wandering Knight?

*Qu.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

*Flute.* Nay faith, let not me play a woman I have a beard  
coming.

*Qu.* That's all one, you shall play it in a mask and you  
may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too.  
I'll speak in a monstrous little voice *Thisne Thisne*, ah *Pyra-*  
*mus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbe* dear, and lover dear.

*Qu.* No, no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* you  
*Thisbe*.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Qu.* Robbin Starveling the Taylor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Qu.* Robbin Starveling you must play *Thisby's* mother.  
*Tom Snout* the Tinker.

*Sno.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Qu.* You *Pyramus* father, my self *Thisby's* father. *Sung*  
the Joyner you the Lyons part; and I hope there's a play  
fitted.

*Sung.* Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you if it  
be, give it me for I am slow of study.

*Qu.* You may do it *Ex tempore* for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that I will  
do any mans heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will  
make

make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

*Qu.* If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the Ladyes that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang every Mothers Son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, that if they should fright the Ladyes out of their wits, they should have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gentle as any Sucking Dove, I will roar and twere any Nightingal.

*Qu.* You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a Summers day, a most lovely Gentleman like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it, what beard had I best play it in?

*Qu.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it either in your straw coloured beard, your Orange Tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown coloured beard, your perfect Yellow.

*Qu.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you'l play bare-faced. But masters here are your parts, and I am farther to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night, and meet me in the Palace Wood a mile without the Town by moon-light, there we will rehearse, for if we meet in the City we shall be dogged by company, and our devices known; in the mean time I will draw a bill of properties; such as our play wants; I pray fail me not.

*Bot.*

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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*Bot.* We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and Couragiously. Take pain. Be perfect. Adieu.

*Qn.* At the Dukes Oak we meet?

*Bot.* Enough, hold, or cut Bowstrings — [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Oberon King of the Fayries and Pugg a Spirit.*

*Ob.* I am resolved, and I will be revenged  
Of my proud Queen *Titania's* injury,  
And make her yield me up her beloved Page;  
My gentle Pugg come hither, thou Rememberest  
Since that I sat upon a Promontory,  
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphins Back;  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song;  
And certain States shot madly from their Sphers,  
To hear the Sea-maids musick.

*Pugg.* I remember.

*Ob.* That very time I saw (but thou couldest not)  
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth  
*Cupid* all armed, a certain aim he took  
At a fair Vestal throned by the west;  
And loo't his love-shaft smartly from his bow;  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft  
Quench in the chaste beames of the watry Moon.  
And the Imperial Votress passed on,  
In maiden meditation fancy free,  
Yet mark I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk white, now purple with loves wound,  
And maidens call it *love in Idleness*;

D

Fetch

Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once,  
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid.

Will make or man or woman madly Dote

Upon the next live Creature that it sees;

Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again

E're the Leviathan can swim a league.

*Pugg.* I'll put a Girdle about the earth in forty minutes.

[*Exit.*]

*Ob.* Having once this juyce;

I'll watch *Titania* when she is a sleep,

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes,

The next thing when she waking looks upon

( Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,

On meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape )

She shall pursue it with the soul of love;

And e're I take this Charm from off her sight

( As can take it with another herb )

I'll make her render up her page to me.

Welcome, wanderer; what, art return'd with it?

*Pugg.* I, there it is.

*Ob.* Come, give it me?

There is a bank *Titania* useth oft

In nights to sleep on, but see where she comes.

[*Enter Queen and Fairies.*]

I'll stand aside, you may depart.

[*Exit Pugg.*]

*Qu.* Come, now a Roundel and a fairy song

To please my eye first, then intice me sleep,

Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*Fayries first Dance, and then sings 1.*

*You Spotted Snakes with double tongue;*

*Thorny Hedg-hogs be not seen,*

*Newts*



*Bottom the Weaver.*

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*Newts and blind worms do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy Queen :  
Philomel with melody  
Singing your sweet Lullaby,  
Lulla, lulla, Lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
Ne're harm, nor spell nor Charm  
Come our lovely Lady by :  
So good-night with lullaby.*

2. *Fairy.* Weaving spiders come not here ;  
Hence you long-ledg'd spinners, hence ;  
Beetles black approach not near ;  
Worm nor snail do no offence :  
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* Hence, away, now all is well ;  
On a loof stand Centinel.

*Ob.* What thou seest when thou dost wake  
Do it for thy true love take,  
Love and languish for his sake ;  
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,  
Pard or Boar with Bristled hair,  
In thine eye that shall appear,  
When thou awakest it is thy dear ;  
Wake then, some vile thing is near.

[*Exeunt Fairies.*  
*Oberon comes to  
her and touches  
her eye lids.*

[*Exit.*

*Enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

*Bot.* Are we all met ?

*Qu.* Pat, pat, and here's a mervellous convenient place for  
our rehearfall. This green Plot shall be our stage, This haw-  
thorn Brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action as  
we will do it before the Duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince.

D 2

*Qu.* What

*Qu.* What sayst thou, *Bully Bottom*?

*Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* that will never please; first, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladyes can't abide, how answer you that?

*Snout.* Berlaken a parlous fear.

*Star.* I beleive we must leave the killing out, when all's done.

*Bot.* Not a whit, I have advice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver, this will put them out of fear.

*Qu.* Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the Ladyes be afraid of the Lyon?

*Star.* I fear it I'll promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, we ought to consider with our selves to bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies is a most dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl then your Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

*Bot.* Nay, You must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lions Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect, Ladyes, or fair Ladyes, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you not to tremble; my life for yours, if you think I come hither as a Lyon it were pity of my life,  
no,

no, *I* am no such thing, *I* am a man as other men are, and here indeed let him name his name, and tell plainly *I* am *Shug* the Joyner.

*Qu.* Well, it shall be so : But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by moon-light.

*Shug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

*Bot.* A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack ; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

*Qu.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why then may you leave a casement of the great Chamber window where we play open, and the moon may shine in at the Casement.

*Qu.* *I*, or else one must come with a bunch of Thorns and a Lanthron, and say he come to disfigure, or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (saies the story) did talk through the Chink of a wall.

*Shug.* You can never bring in a Wall, what say you, *Bottom* ?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaister, or some Lome, or some Rough cast about him to signifie VVall, or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that Crany shall *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* whisper.

*Qu.* If that may be, then all is well ; come, sit down every mothers Son and rehearse your parts, *Pyramus*, you begin, when you have spoken your speech, Enter into that Brake, and so every every man according to his Cue——

D 3

*Enter*

Enter Pugg.

*Pugg.* What Hempen Home-spuns have we swaggering here so near the Cradle of the fairy Queen. What? a play toward? I'll be an Auditor, and Actor too perhaps if I see cause.

*Qu.* Speak, *Pyramus*, *Thisby*, stand forth.

*Pyra.* *Thisby*, the flowers of Odious favours sweet.

*Quin.* Odours, Odours.

*Pira.* Odours favours sweet, so hath thy breath my dearest *Thisbe*, dear. But heark, a voice: stay thou but here a while, and by and by I will to thee appear.

*Pugg.* A stranger, *Pyramus*, then e're plaid here.

[ *Exit Pira.*

*This.* Must I speak now?

[ *Exit after him.*

*Quin.* I, marry must you. For you must understand that he goes but to see a Noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* Most Radiant *Pyramus*, most Lilly white of hue. Of colour like the red Rose on triumphant Bryar. Most Brisky Juvenal, and the most lovely Jew. As true as truest Horse that never yet would Tyre. I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninus Tomb*.

*Qui.* *Ninus Tomb*, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; That you answer to *Pyramus*: you speak all your part at once Cues and all, *Pyramus*, Enter, your Cue is past, it is, never Tire.

*This.* O, as true as truest Horse, that yet would never tire.

*Pir.* If I were, fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

*Quince.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted; pray Masters fly, Masters, help.

[ *Exeunt the Clowns.*

*Pugg.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.  
Through

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Bryar.  
Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound, a Hogg,  
a headless Bear; sometimes a Fire, and Neigh, and Bark,  
and Grunt, and Roar, and Burn, like horse, hound, hog,  
bear, fire, at every turn.

*Enter Bottom with an Asses head.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? This is knavery of them to  
make me afraid.

*Enter Snout.*

*Sno.* O *Bottom*, thou art changed, what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do I see? you see an Asses head of your own,  
do you.

*Enter Peter Quince.*

*Quin.* Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art transla-  
ted.

*Bot.* I see their knavery, this is to make an ass of me,  
and fright me if they could, but I will not stir from this  
place do they what they can, I will walk up and down here,  
and will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*[He sings.]*

The Woofel cock so black of hew,  
VVith Orange Tawny bill.

The Thro'le with his note so true,      { *Queen of Fairy wakes,*  
The VVren and little quill.              { *and looks upon him.*

*Tita.* VVhat Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

*Bot.* The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark.  
The Plain-song Cuckow Gray,

D 4

Whose

Whose note full many a man doth Mark,  
And dare not answer Nay.

For indeed who should set his wit to so foolish a bird ? Who  
would give a bird the lye though he should cry Cuckow ne-  
ver so.

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.  
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape

And thy fair vertues force ( perforce ) doth move me

*Bot.* Methinks ( Mistress ) you should have little rea-  
son for that, and yet to say truth, reason and love keep little  
company together now adayes. The more the pity, that  
some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay,  
I can Gleeke upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this VVood, I have enough to serve my own turn,

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go.  
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.

I am a Spirit of no common Fate,  
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,  
And I do love thee, therefore go with me,  
I'll give thee Fairies to attend on thee,  
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep ;  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an Airy Spirit go.

*Enter*

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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*Enter Pease-blossom, Cobweb, and Mustard-seed,  
three Fairies.*

*Fair.* Ready, and I, and I, and I; where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walks, and Gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with Apricots and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.  
The Honey-bags steal from the humble Bees,  
And for white Tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,  
To have my Love to Bed, and to arise,  
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies  
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, Elves, and do him Courtesies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail.

1. 2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

*Bot.* I cry your worships heartily mercy. I beseech your worships name.

*Cob.* *Cobweb.*

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*, if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your Name, honest Gentleman?

*Peas.* *Pease-blossom.*

*Bot.* I pray commend me to Mrs. *Squash* your Mother, and to Master *Pease-cod* your Father; I shall desire of you more acquaintance too.

Your Name, I beseech you, Sir.

*Mus.* *Mustard-seed.*

*Bot.* Good Mr. *Mustard-seed*, I know your patience well.

Tha

That same cowardly Giant-like Ox-Beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your House; I promise your kindred have made my eyes water e're now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seed*.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.  
The Moon, me-thinks, looks with a watry eye,  
And when she weeps, weep every little Flower:  
Lamenting some enforced Chastity.  
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him silently.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Oberon King of Fairies, Solus.*

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awaked.  
Then what it was that next came to her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter Pugg.*

Here comes my Messenger; how now, mad spirit,  
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

*Pugg.* My Mistress with a Monster is in Love.  
Near to her Close and consecrated bower,  
Whiles she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a Play,  
Intended for great *Theseus* Nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who *Pyramus* presented in their sport,  
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a brake,  
Where I did him at this advantage take;

An



*Bottom the Weaver.*

[43]

An Asses Nose I fixed on his head,  
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,  
And forth my mimick comes, when they him spy,  
As Wild-geese that the creeping Fowler eye;  
Or ruffles-pated Choughs many in sort  
(Rising and cawing at the Guns report)  
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky,  
So at his sight away his fellows fly;  
And at our stamp o're and o're one falls,  
He murther crys, and help from *Athens* calls.  
Their sense thus weak lost with their fear thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.  
For Bryars and Thorns at their Apparell snatch  
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yielders all things catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there.  
When in that moment so it came to pass,  
*Titania* wak'd, and straight-way lov'd an Ass.

[Exit.

*Ob.* This fall out better then I could devise,  
I shall now be avenged upon my Queen:  
But see, she comes, I'll stand aside.

*Enter Queen, Bottom, Fairies.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,  
While I thy aimable Cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk Roses on thy sleek smooth Head,  
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

*Bot.* Where's *Pease-blossom*?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, *Pease-blossom*: Where's *Monsieur*  
*Cobweb*?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur *Cobweb*, good Monsieur get your Weapons in your hand, and kill me a red humble Bee on the top of a Thistle; and good Monsieur bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your self too much in the action, Monsieur, and good Monsieur have a care the honey-bag break not, I would be loath to have you o're-flown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monsieur *Mustard-seed*?

*Mus.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your newfe, Monsieur *Mustard-seed*. Pray leave your Courtesie, good Monsieur.

*Mus.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavaliero *Cobweb* to scratch; I must to the Barbers, Monsieur, for me-thinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender Ass, if my hair does but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What wilt thou hear, some Musick, my sweet Love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good Ear in Musick, let us hear the Tong and the boner.

*Musick Tongs Rural Musick.*

*Tita.* Or say, sweet Love, what thou desirest to eat.

*Bot.* Truly a peck of Provender, I could maunch your good dry Oats, me-thinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay, good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a ventrous Fairy,  
That shall seek the Squirrels hoard,  
And fetch thee new Nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried Pease. But I pray let none of your People stir me, I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;  
 Fairies, be gone, and be alwayes away:  
 So doth the wood bind the sweet Hony-suckle  
 Gently entwist, the Female Ivy so  
 Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.  
 O how I love thee? How I dote on thee?

*Ob.* VVelcome, good *Pug*. [ *Oberon approaches.*  
 Seest thou sweet sight? [ *Enter Pug.*

Her dotage now do I begin to pity.  
 For meeting her of late behind the wood,  
 Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,  
 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her,  
 For she his hairy Temples then had rounded  
 VVith Coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,  
 And that same Dew which sometime on the buds,  
 VVas wont to smell like round and orient Pearl;  
 I stood within the pretty flouriets eyes,  
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail,  
 And she in mild terms begg'd my patience;  
 I then did ask of her her Changeling Child,  
 VVhich streight she gave me, and her Fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in Fairy Land.  
 And now I have the Boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes,  
 And, gentle *Pug*, take this transformed Scalpe  
 From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain,  
 That he awaking may return to *Athens*,  
 And think no more of this Night's accidents,  
 But as the fierce vexation of a Dream,  
 But first, I will release my Fairy Queen.

*Be thou as thou was wont to be,  
See thou as thou was wont to see,  
Dians bud or Cupids flower  
Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.

*Tit.* My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen?

*Me*-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.

*Ob.* There lies your love.

*Tit.* How came these things to pass?

Oh how mine eyes do loath this visage now.

*Ob.* Silence a while. *Pugg*, take thou off his head.

[*He puts off his Asses head.*

*Pugg.* When thou awakes with thine own fools eyes peep.

[*Exeunt.*

*After a while Bottom wakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes call me, and I will answer, my next is most fair *Pyramus* hei ho. *Peter Quince*, Flute the Bellows-mender? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life stoln hence and left me asleep, I have had a most rare vision, I had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound this dream, *me*-thought I was, there's no man can tell what *me*-thought I was, and *me*-thought I had, but a man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what *me*-thought I had, the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this dream, it shall be called *Bottoms* dream because it hath no Bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of the

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the Play before the Duke, peradventure to make it the more gracious I will sing it at her death. [Exit.

*Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starveling.*

*Qu.* Have you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of, out of doubt he is transported.

*Flute.* If he come not, then the Play is marr'd, it goes not forward, doth it?

*Qu.* It is not possible, you have not a man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.

*Flute.* No: He hath simply the best wit of any handy-crafts man in *Athens*.

*Qu.* Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour for a sweet voice.

*Flute.* You must say Paragon; a Paramour is, God blefs us, a thing of nought.

*Enter Sung the Joyner.*

*Sung.* Masters, the Duke is now coming from being married at the Temple, oh, if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flute.* O sweet Bully *Bottoms*, thou hast lost six pence a day during his life, he could not have scaped six pence a day, and the Duke had not given him six pence a day for playing *Pyramus* I'll be hang'd, he would have deserved six pence a day in *Pyramus* or nothing.

*Enter*

*Enter Bottoms.**Bot.* Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?*Qu.* *Bottoms!* O most couragious day! O most happy hour?*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*, I will tell you every thing as it fell out.*Qu.* Let us hear, sweet *Bottoms*.*Bot.* Not a word of me, all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath Dined, get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new Ribbands to your Pumps, meet presently in the Palace, every man look over his part for the short, and the long is, our play is preferred, in any case let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lyon pare his Nails for they shall hang out for the Lyons claws, & most dear Actors eat no Onions nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and doubt not to hear them say it is a sweet Comedy. No more words, away: go, away.[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Duke, Dutcheff, and two Lords.**Egeus.* May all things prove propitious to this match, And heavens poure down whole showers of joy to wait Within your Royal walks, your Board, your bed.*Duke.* Thanks, kind *Egeus*, but what pleasant maskes, What dances have we now to wear away This long age of three hours, which yet we have To spend e're bed time?*1. Lord.* And't please your grace, there is a scene, Tedious, yet brief, to be presented of

The

The Love of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,  
Mirth very Tragical.

*Duke.* Merry and Tragical; tedious and brief. That is  
hot Ice, and wondrous strange Snow: How shall we find a  
concord in this discord?

2. *Lord.* A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a Play,  
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play  
There's not one word apt, one Player fitted;  
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is,  
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself;  
Which when I saw rehearse, I must confess,  
Made my eyes water, but more merry tears  
The Passion of loud laughter never shed.

*Duke.* What are they that do Play it?

1. *Lord.* Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,  
Which never laboured in their minds till now,  
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories  
With this same Play against your Nuptials.

*Duke.* And we will hear it, let them approach.

*They take their Seats. Enter Prologue.*

*Pro.* If we offend, it is with our good Will.  
That you shall think we come not to offend,  
But with good will, To shew our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despight,  
We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is: All for your Delight  
We are not here. That you should here repent you.

The Actors are at hand, and by their show  
You shall know all that you are like to know.

*Duke.* This Fellow doth not stand upon points.

1. *Lord.* He hath read his Prologue like a rough Colt,  
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not  
enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Dutch.* Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue like a Child  
on the recorder, a sound, but not in Government.

*Duke.* His speech was like a tangled Chain, nothing im-  
paired, but all disordered. Who is the next?

*Enter* Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lyon.

*Prolo.* Gentels, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on till truth doth make all things plain:  
This Man is *Pyramus* if you would know;  
This beauteous Lady *Thisbe* is certain;  
This Man with Lime and Rough-cast doth present  
*Wall*, the vile *Wall* which did these Lovers sunder,  
And through *Walls* chink (poor Souls) they are content  
To whisper, at the which let no Man wonder:  
This man with Lanthorn, Dog, and bush of Thorn  
Presenteth Moon-shine; for if you will know,  
By Moon-shine did these Lovers think no scorn  
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woe.  
This Grizzly Beast (which Lyon height by name)  
The trusty *Thisbe* coming first by Night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright,  
And as she fled her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did stain;  
Anon comes *Pyramus* sweet Youth, and tall,  
And finds his *Thisbe's* mantle slain,

Whereat



*Bottom the Weaver.*

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Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade  
He bravely broach't his bloody boiling breast,  
And *Thisbe* tarrying in a Mulberry shade,  
His Dagger drew and dyed. For all the rest.  
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

*Duke*. I wonder if the *Lyon* be to speak?

2. *Lord*. No wonder, my Lord, one *Lyon* may, when many *Asses* do.

*Wall*. In this same Interlude it doth befall  
That I, one *Snug*, (by name) present a *Wall*,  
And such a *Wall* as I would have you think  
As had in it a cranned hole or chink,  
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show  
That I am that same wall the truth is so,  
And this the Cranny is right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

*Duke*. Would you desire lime, and hair to speak better.

2. *Lor*. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse my Lord.

*Duke*. *Pyramus* draws near the wall, Silence —

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyra*. O Grim lookt night ! O night with hue so black ? O  
night which ever art when day is not.  
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
I fear my *Thisbe's* promise is forgot ;  
And thou O wall thou sweet and lovely wall,

E 2

That

*Bottom the Weaver.*

That stands between her fathers ground and mine,  
 Thou Wall, O Wall, O sweet and lovely Wall  
 Shew me thy Chink to blink through with mine eyes.

Thanks Curteous Wall: *Jove* shield thee well for this.

But what see I? No *Thisby* do I see.

O witched Wall through whom I see no blifs:

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.

*Duke.* The Wall me-thinks being sensible should curse again.

*Pyram.* No in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me.*

*Is Thisbies* Cue, she is to enter, and I am to spy

Her through the Wall, you shall see it will fall.

*Enter Thisby.*

*Pat,* as I told you; yonder she comes.

*Thisb.* O Wall full often hast thou heard my moanes  
 For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

My Cherry lips have often kist the stones,

Thy stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee:

*Pyra.* I hear a voice, Now will I to the Chink  
 To spy if I can see my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby.*

*This.* My love, thou art my love I think.

*Pyra.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lovers Grace,  
 And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

*This.* And I like *Helen* till the fates me kill.

*Pira.* Not *Thalalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

*This.* As *Shalafus* to *Procrus* I to you.

*Pira.* O kifs me though the hole of this vile Wall.

*This.* I kifs the Wall hole, not your lips at all.

*Pira.* Will thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me straight way?

*This.* Tide life, tide death, I'll come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pir. and Thisby.*  
*Wall.*

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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*Wall.* Thus have I Wall my part discharged so

[*Exit Wall.*

*Duke.* Now is the Moral down between the two neighbours.

2. *Lor.* No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are so wilfull.

*Dutch.* This is the lilliest stuff that ever I heard.

*Duke.* The best in this kind are but shaddows, and the worst no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Dutch.* It must be your imagination then, not theirs.

*Duke.* If we imagine no worse of them then they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here comes two noble Beasts in, a Man and a Lyon.

*Enter Lyon and Moon-shine.*

*Lyon.* You Ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear  
The monstrous Mouse that creeps on floor;  
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,  
When Lyon rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I, one *Snug*, the Joyner am,  
A Lyon fell, or else no Lyons dam;  
For if I should as Lyon come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

*Duke.* A very gentle Beast, and of a good Conscience.

2. *Lord.* The very best at a Beast, my Lord, that ever I saw.

2. *Lord.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his Valour.

*Duke.* True, and a Goose for his discretion.

2. *Lord.* Not so, my Lord, for his Valour cannot carry his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

*Duke.* His discretion I am sure cannot carry his Valour, for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well, leave it to his discretion.

E 3

*Moon. Th*

*Moon.* This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present.

2. *Lord.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*Duke.* He is no Crescent, and his Horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon present; my self the man i'th' Moon doth seem to be.

*Duke.* This is the greatest error of all the rest, the man should be put in the Lanthorn, how is he else the the man in the Moon.

2. *Lord.* He dares not come in there for the Candle, for you see 'tis already in snuff.

*Dutch.* I am weary of this Moon, would he would change.

*Duke.* It appears by his small light of Discretion, that he is in the wain: but yet in courtesie in all reason we must stay the time.

1. *Lord.* Proceed, Moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the Lanthorn is the Moon, I the man in the Moon, this thorn-bush my Bush, and this Dog my Dog.

2. *Lord.* Why, all these should be in the Lanthorn, for they are in the Moon. But silence, here comes *Thisbe*.

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* This is old *Ninnies* Tomb: where is my Love?

*Lyon.* Oh ——— [ *The Lyon roars, Thisbe runs off.* ]

1. *Lord.* VVell roar'd, *Lyon.*

*Duke.* VVell run, *Thisbe.*

*Dutch.* VVell shone, Moon. Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

*Duke.* VVell mouz'd, *Lyon.*

2. *Lord.* And then came *Pyramus.*

1. *Lord.* And

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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1. *Lord.* And so the Lyon vanish.

*Enter Pyramus.*

*Pyra.* Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny beams,  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,  
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams  
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbes* light.  
But stay: O spight! But mark, poor Knight;  
What dreadful dole is here?  
Eyes do you see! How can it be?  
O dainty Duke! O dear!  
Thy Mantle good; what, stain'd with blood,  
Approach you Furies fell;  
O Fates come, come, cut thread and thrum;  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

*Duke.* This passion, and the Death of a dear Friend would  
go near to make a man look sad.

*Duch.* Beshrew my heart but I pity the man.

*Pyra.* O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?  
Since Lyon wild hath here deflowered my dear,  
Which is, no, no, VWhich was the fairest Dame  
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.  
Come, tears, confound; out, sword, and wound  
The pap of *Pyramus*;  
I, that left pap, where heart doth hap,  
Thus eye I thus, thus, thus.

Now I am dead, now I am fled, my soul is in the sky,  
Tongue, lose thy light, Moon, take thy flight,

[*Exit Moon-sprite.*

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

2. *Lord.* No dye, but an Ace for him, for he's but one.

E 4

1. *Lord.* Lefs

1. Lord. Less then an Ace, man, for he's dead, he's nothing.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an As.

Dutch. How chance Moon-shine is gone before.

[ *Thisbe comes back, and finds her slain Lover.*

*Enter Thisbe.*

Duke. She finds him by star-light.  
Here she comes, and her passion ends the Play.

Dutch. Me-thinks she should not use a long one, for such a *Pyramus*, I hope she will be brief.

2. Lord. A Moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better.

1. Lord. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

2. Lord. And thus she means, *Videlicet.*

*This.* Asleep, my Love? What, dead, my Love?

O *Pyramus*, arise :

Speak, speak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? a Tomb  
Must covey thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this Cherry Nose,

These yellow Cowslip Cheeks

Are gone, are gone ; Lovers make moan,

His eyes were as green as Leeks.

O Sisters three, come, come to me

With hands as pale as milk,

Lay them in gore, since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue not a word ; Come, trusty Sword,

Come, blade, my breast embue,

And farewell Friends, thus *Thisbe* ends.

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.

*Duke. Moon-*

*Bottom the Weaver.*

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*Duke.* Moon-shine and Lyon are left to bury the Dead.

2. *Lord.* I, and *Wall* too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Burgo-mask Dance between two of our Company?

*Duke.* No Epilogue, pray you, for your Play needs no excuse, never excuse. For when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had Play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbies* Garter, it had been a fine Tragedy, and so it is truly, and very notably discharged; but come, your Burgo-mask, let your Epilogue alone.

[ *After a dance, Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

# THE Cheater Cheated.

## The Names of the Actors.

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Master Mulligrub.*

*Cocledemoy.*

*Master Burnish.*

*Lyonell.*

*Holifernes Rain-scur.*

*Mistress Mulligrub.*

*Mary Faugh.*

A Vintner.

A Knavishly witty City Companion.

A Goldsmith.

His Man.

A Barbers Boy.

An Old Woman.

Three Watchmen.

*Enter two Gentlemen, and Mr. Mulligrub.*

1. *Gent.* **N**A Y, comfort, my good Host *Shark*, my good *Mulligrub*.

2. *Gent.* Advance thy snout, do not suffer thy sorrowful Nose to drop on thy *Spanish* Leather Jerken, most hardly honest *Mulligrub*.

1. *Gent.* What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is run away with a Nest of goblets; true, what then? They will be hammer'd out well enough, I warrant you.

*Mull.* Sure, some wise man would find them out presently.

1. *Gent.* Yes



1. *Gent.* Yes sure, if we could find out some wise man presently.

2. *Gent.* How was the Plate lost? How did it vanish?

1. *Gent.* In most sincere proof thus: That man of much money, some wit, but less honesty, coggng *Cocledemoy*, comes this Night late into my Host *Mulligrabs* Tavern here, calls for a Room, the House being full, *Cocledemoy* consoorted with his moveable Cattle, his instrument of Fornication, the Bawd, Mistress *Mary Faggh*, are imparlar'd next the street, good Poultreys was their Food, Black-bird, Lark, Woodcock, and mine Host here, comes in, crys God bless you, and departs. A Blind Harper enters; craves Audience, unca-seth, plays, the Drawer for Female privateness sake is nodded out, who, knowing that whosoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those that shoot in stone Bows, wink with one Eye, grows blind a the right side, and departs.

2. *Gent.* He shall answer for that winking with one Eye at the last day.

1. *Gent.* Let him have day till then, and he will wink with both his Eyes.

2. *Gent.* *Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper (whose Eyes Heaven had shut up from beholding wickedness) unclasps a Casement to the street very patiently, pockets up three Boles unnaturally, thrust his Wench forth the Window, and himself most preposterously with his heels forward follows, (the unseeing Harper plays on) bids the empty Dishes, and the Treacherous Candles much good do them: The Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the Birds, but also the Nest of Goblets were flown away; lamentations are rais'd.

1. *Gent.* VWhich did not pierce the Heavens,

2. *Gent.* The

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2. *Gent.* The Drawers moan,  
Mine Host doth cry, the Boles are gone.

*Mul.* *Hic finis Priami.*

1. *Gent.* Nay, be not Jaw-fall'n, my most sharking *Mul-*  
*ligrab.*

2. *Gent.* 'Tis your just affliction, remember the sins of the  
Sellar, and repent, repent.

*Mul.* I am not Jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the Cony-  
catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. [ *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cocledemoy, and Mary Faugh.*

*Cocle.* *Mary, Mary Faugh.*

*Mar.* Hem.

*Cocle.* Come, my worshipful, rotten, rough-bellied Bawd,  
ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of Natural wickedness, give me  
the Goblers.

*Mar.* By yea, and by nay, Master *Cocledemoy*, I fear  
you'll play the Knave, and restore them.

*Cocle.* No, by the Lord *Aunt*, Restitution is Catholique,  
and thou knowest we love.

*Mar.* VVhat?

*Cocle.* Oracles are ceas'd : *Tempus prateritum.* do't hear,  
my worshipful glister-pipe, thou ungodly fire that burnt *Di-*  
*ana's* Temple, do't hear, Bawd?

*Mar.* In very good truthness you are the foulest mouth'd,  
prophane railing Brother, call a VVoman the most ungodly  
names : I must confess, we all eat of the forbidden Fruit, and  
for mine own part, though I am one of the Family of Love,  
and, as they say, a Bawd that covers the multitude of sins,  
yet I trust I am none of the wicked that eat Fish a Fry-  
dayes.

*Cocle.* Hang

*Cocle.* Hang toasts, I rail at thee, my worshipful Organ bellows that fills the pipes, my fine, ratling, fleamy cough a the lungs, and cold with a Pox, I rail at thee, what, my right precious panders, supporters of *Barber-Surgeons*, and inhaunters of *lotinus* and dyet drink : I rail at thee, necessary damnation, I'll make an Oration, I, in praise of the most Courtly fashion, and most pleasurable function, I.

*Mar.* I prethee do, I love to have my self prais'd, as well as any old Jade, I.

*Cocle.* List then, a Bawd ; first, for her profession, or vocation, it is most worshipful of all the twelve Companies, for, as that Trade is most honourable that sells the best Commodities ; as the Draper is more worshipful then the Point-maker, the Silk-man more worshipful then the Draper, and the Goldsmith more honourable then both, *Little Mary* : So the Bawd above all, her shop has the best ware, for where these sell but Cloath, Sattins, and Jewels, she sells divine Virtues, as Virginity, Modesty, and such rare Jems, and those not like a petty Chapman, by retail, but like a great Merchant, by whole Sale ; wa, ha, ho, and who are her Customers, not base Corn-cutters, or Sow-gelders, but most rare wealthy Knights, and most rare bountiful Lords are her Customers : Again, where as no Trade or Vocation profiteth, but by the loss and displeasure of another ; as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousness of giddy Youth, and unsetled, the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Physician but by the maladies of his Patient, onely my smooth gum'd Bawd lives by others pleasure, and onely grows rich by others rising ; O merciful gain, O righteous in-come. So much for her Vocation, Trade, and Life ; as for their Death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude,

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conclude, 'tis most certain they must needs both live well, and dye well, since most commonly they live in *Clearkenwell*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.* [Exit.

*Enter Cocledemoy, and first Gentleman.*

*I. Gent.* Master *Cocledemoy*, ut vales domine?

*Cocle.* *Ago tibi gratias* my worshipful Friend, how does your Friend?

*I. Gent.* Out, you Rascal.

*Cocle.* Hang toasts, you are an Ass, much a your worships brain lyes in your Calves — bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new wean'd bulchin, bread a God, drunk, horribly drunk, there was a *VVench*, one *Frank Frailty*, a punk, an honest pole-cat, of a clean-In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble Devil in her buttock, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or Master *Cagusture*, that prattling Gallant of a good draught, common custom, fortunate impudence, and sound fart?

*I. Gent.* Away, Rogue.

*Cocle.* Hang toasts, my fine Boy, my Companions are worshipful.

*I. Gent.* Yes, I hear you are taken up with Scholars and Church-men.

*Enter Holifernes the Barber.*

*Cocle.* *Quaquam te marce fili* my fine Boy, does your worship want a Barber-Surgeon?

*I. Gent.* Farewell, Knave, beware the *Mulligrubs*.

[Exit first Gentleman.

*Cocle.* Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the Knave; what, a Barber-

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Barber-Surgeon, my dilicate Boy?

*Holif.* Yes, Sir, an Apprentice to Surgery.

*Cocle.* 'Tis, my fine Boy, to what Bawdy House does your Master belong? VVhat's thy Name?

*Hol.* *Holifernes Rain-scur.*

*Cocle.* *Rain-scur?* Good M. *Holifernes*, I desire your further acquaintance, nay, pray ye be cover't, my fine Boy, kill thy Itch, and heal thy Scabs, is thy Master rotten?

*Hol.* My Father, forsooth, is dead.

*Cocle.* And laid in his grave,

Alas, what comfort shall *Peggy* then have?

*Hol.* None but me, Sir, that's my Mothers Son I assure you.

*Cocle.* Mothers Son, a good witty Boy, would live to read an Homily well, and to whom are you now going?

*Hol.* Marry, forsooth, to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

*Cocle.* Do you know Master *Mulligrub*?

*Hol.* My God-father, forsooth,

*Cocle.* Good Boy, hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

*Hol.* Good Master *Gudgeon*.

*Cocle.* Lend me thy Bason, Razor, and Apron.

*Hol.* O Lord, Sir.

*Cocle.* VVell spoken, good *English*, but what's thy Furniture worth?

*Hol.* O Lord, Sir, I know nor.

*Cocle.* VVell spoken, a Boy of a good wit, hold this pawn, where dost dwell?

*Hol.* At the sign of the three Razors, Sir.

*Coc.* A sign of good shaving, my catastrophonical fine boy, I have an od jest to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a jest, boy, a humour, I'll return thy things presently, hold.

*Hol.* VVhat

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*Hol.* VVhat mean you, Mr. *Gudgeon*?

*Coc.* Nothing faith, but a jest, Boy, drink that, I'll recoil presently.

*Hol.* You'll not stay long.

*Coc.* As I am an honest man, the three Razors.

*Hol.* I, Sir.

[ *Exit Holifernes.*

*Coc.* Good, and if I shave not Master *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I go cack in my pewter, let me see, a Barber, my scurvy tongue will discover me, I must dissemble, must disguise, for my beard my false hair, for my Tongue, *Spanish, Dutch, or Welch*; no, a Northern Barber, VVidow *Rain-scares* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, so, hang toasts; all Cards have white backs, and all Knaves would seem to have white Breasts, so, proceed, now worshipful *Cocledemoy*.

[ *Exit Cocledemoy in his Barbers Furniture.*

*Enter Master Mulligrub, and Mistress Mulligrub, she with a bag of Money.*

*Mist. Mull.* It is right, I assure you, just fifteen pounds.

*Mull.* Well, *Cocledemoy*, 'tis thou that putttest me to this charge, but and I catch thee, I'll charge thee with as many Irons; well, is the Barber come, I'll be trim'd, and then to *Cheap-side*, to buy a fair piece of Plate to furnish the loss; is the Barber come?

*Mist. Mull.* Truth, Husband, surely Heaven is not pleas'd with our Vocation; we do wink at the sins of our People, our Wines are Protestants, and I speak it to my grief, and to the burden of my Conscience, we fry fish with salt butter.

[ *Exit.*

*Mull.* Go look to your business, mend the matter, and score false with a vengeance.

*Enter*

*Enter Cocledemoy like a Barber.*

Welcome, Friend, whose man?

*Coc.* Widdow *Rain-scares* man, an't shall please your good worship, my name's *Andrew Shark*.

*Mull.* How does my god-son, good *Andrew*?

*Coc.* Very well, he's gone to trim Mr. *Quicquid* our Parson, hold up your Head.

*Mull.* How long have you been a Barber, *Andrew*?

*Coc.* Not long, Sir, this two year.

*Mull.* What, and a good Work-man already? I dare scarce trust my head to thee.

*Coc.* O fear not, we ha pol'd better men then you, we learn the Trade very quickly, will your good worship be shaven or cut?

*Mull.* As you will; what Trade didst live by before thou turnest Barber, *Andrew*?

*Coc.* I was a Pedler in *Germany*, but my Countrey-men thrive better by this trade.

*Mull.* What's the newes Barber? Thou art sometimes at Court.

*Coc.* Sometimes pole a Page, or so, Sir.

*Mull.* And what's the news, how do all my good Lords, and all my good Ladies, and all the rest of my acquaintance?

*Coc.* What an arrogant Knave's this, I'll acquaintance ye. [ *He speaks the bag.*

( 'tis cash ) say ye, Sir?

*Mull.* And what news, what news, good *Andrew*?

*Coc.* Marry, Sir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under holes that spowt up water.

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*Mull.* Very

*Mull.* Very well, I was wash'd there one day, and so was my Wife, you might have wrung her smock i'faith; but what a those holes?

*Coc.* Thus, Sir, out of those little holes, in the midst of the Night, crawl'd out four and twenty huge, horrible, monstrous, fearful, devouring —

*Mull.* Bless us!

*Coc.* Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they turn'd to Mastiffs, which howl'd, those mastiffs instantly turn'd to Cocks which crow'd, those Cocks in a moment were chang'd to Bears which roar'd; which Bears are at this hour to be yet seen in *Paris Garden*, living upon nothing but tosted Cheese and green Onions.

*Mull.* By the Lord, and this may be, my Wife and I will go see them, this portends something.

*Coc.* Yes, worshipful Fiest, thou'lt feel what it portends by and by.

*Mull.* And what more news? You shave the World, especially you Barber-Surgeons, you know the ground of many things, you are cunning privy searchers, by the mass you scoure all: what more news?

*Coc.* They say, Sir, that 25. couple of *Spanish Jennets* are to be seen hand in hand dance the old measures, whilst six goodly *Flanders Mares* play to them on a noyse of flutes.

*Mull.* O monstrous! this is a lye a my word, nay, and this be not a lye, I am no fool I warrant; nay, make an As of me once —

*Coc.* Shut your Eyes close, wink, sure, Sir, this Ball will make you smart.

*Mull.* I do wink.

*Coc.* Your Head will take cold.

[*Cocledemoy pull an a Coxcomb on Mulligrubs Head*]



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I will put on your good worships Night-cap, whilst I shave you ; so, mum : hang toasts, saugh, viah, sparrows must peck, and *Cocledemey* munch.

*Mul.* Ha, ha, ha ; 25. couple of *Spanish Jennets* to dance the old measures. *Andrew* makes my worship laugh, i' faith, dost take me for an *Ass*, *Andrew* ? Dost know one *Cocledemey* in Town ? He made me an *Ass* last Night, but I'll *Ass* him ; art thou free, *Andrew* ? Shave me well, I shall be one of the common Council shortly, and then, *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, dost leave me in the luds ? [ *Cantat.* ]  
Why *Andrew*, I shall be blind with winking. Ha, *Andrew*, Wife, *Andrew* ; what means this ? Wife, my money, Wife.

*Enter Mistress Mulligrut.*

*Mistress Mul.* What's the noise with you ? What ayl you ?

*M. Mul.* Where's the Barber ?

*Mrs. Mul.* Gone, I saw him depart long since ; why, are you not trim'd ?

*M. Mul.* Trim'd ; O, Wife, I am shav'd ; did you take hence the money ?

*Mrs. Mul.* I toucht it not, as I am Religious.

*M. Mul.* O Lord, I have wink'd fair.

*Enter Holifernes.*

*Hol.* I pray, God-Father, give me your Blessing.

*M. Mul.* O, *Holifernes* ; O, where's thy mother's *Andrew* ?

*Hol.* Blessing, God-Father.

*M. Mul.* The Devil choak thee ; where's *Andrew*, thy mothers man ?

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*Hol.* My

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*Hol.* My Mother hath none such, forsooth.

*Mul.* My money, 15. l. plague of all *Andrews*; who wast trim'd me?

*Hol.* I know not, God-Father, only one met me, as I was coming to you, and borrowed my Furniture, as he said, for a jest sake.

*Mul.* What kind of Fellow?

*Hol.* A thick, elderly, stub-bearded Fellow.

*Mul.* *Cocledemoy*, *Cocledemoy*, raise all the wise men in the street, I'll hang him with mine own hands: O, Wife, some *Rosa-Solis*.

*Mrs. Mul.* Good Husband take comfort in the Lord, I'll play the Devil, but I'll recover it, have a good Conscience, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Term.

*Mul.* O Wife, O Wife! O *Jack*, how does thy mother? Is there any Fidlers in the House?

*Mrs. Mul.* Yes, M. *Creaks* noise.

*Mul.* Bid e'm play, laugh, make merry, cast up my accounts, for I'll go hang my self presently, I will not curse, but a pox on *Cocledemoy*, he has pol'd and shav'd me, he has trim'd me.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Master Garnish, and Lionel: Master Mulligrub with a standing Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the other, Cocledemoy stands at the other door disguised like a French Pedler, and over-hears them.*

*Mul.* I am not at this time furnished, but there's my Bond for your Plate.

*Gar.* Your Bill had been sufficient, y<sup>e</sup> are a good man; a standing Cup, parcel gilt, of 32 Ounces, 11 pound, 7 shillings, the first of *July*, good Plate, good man, good day, good all.

*Mul.* 'Tis

*Mul.* 'Tis my hard Fortune, I will hang the Knave; no, first he shall half rot in Fetters in the Dungeon, his Conscience made despairful, I'll hire a Knave a purpose, shall assure him he is damn'd, and after see him with mine own eyes, hang'd without singing any Psalm. Lord, that he has but one Neck.

*Gar.* You are too Tyrannous, you'll use me no further.

*Mul.* No, Sir, lend me your Servant, onely to carry the Plate home; I have occasion of an hours absence.

*Gar.* With easie consent; Sir, hast and be careful.

[*Exit Gar.*]

*Mul.* Be very careful, I pray thee, to my Wives own hands.

*Lion.* Secure your self.

*Mul.* To her own hand.

*Lion.* Fear not, I have delivered greater things then this, to a Womans own hand.

*Coc.* Monsieur, please you to buy a fine dilicate Ball, sweet Ball, a Camphyr Ball.

*Mul.* Prethee away.

*Coc.* One a Ball to scour, a scouring Ball, a Ball to be shaved.

*Mul.* For the love of God talk not of shaving, I have been shaved, mischief and a rooo Devils cease him, I have been shaved.

[*Exit Mullig.*]

*Coc.* The Fox grows fat when he is cursed, I must draw a Lot for the great Goblet.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Mistress Mulligrub, and Lionel with a goblet.  
he delivers it, and Exit.*

*Enter Cocledemoy.*

*Coc.* Fair hour to you, Mistress.

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*Mrs. Mul. Fair*

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*Mrs. Mul.* Fair hour, fine term, faith I'll score it up anon, a beautiful thought to you, Sir.

*Coc.* Your Husband, and my Master, Mr. Garnish, has sent you a Jole of fresh Salmon, and they both will come to Dinner to season your new Cup with the best Wine, which Cup your Husband intreats you to send back by me, that his Arms may be graved a the side, which he forgot before it was sent.

*Mrs. Mul.* By what token, are you sent by no token? Nay, I have wit.

*Coc.* He sent me by the same token, that he was dry shaved this morning.

*Mrs. Mul.* A sad token, but true, here, Sir, I pray you commend me to your Master, but especially to your Mistress, tell them they shall be most sincerely welcome.

[*Exit.*

*Coc.* Shall be most sincerely welcome, worshipful Coclede-moy, lurk close, hang toasts, be not ashamed of thy Quality, every mans turd smells well in's own Nose, vanish Foyft.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, with Servants and Furniture for the Table.*

*Mrs. Mul.* Come, spread these Table Disper Napkins.

*Enter Master Mulligrub.*

*Mrs.* What, are they come?

*Mul.* Come, who come?

*Mrs.* You need not mak't so strange.

*Mul.* Strange?

*Mrs. I,*

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*Mrs.* I, strange, you know no man that sent me word, that he and his Wife would come to dinner to me, and sent this Jole of fresh Salmon before hand?

*Mul.* Peace, not I, peace, the messenger hath mistaken the House, let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for: fit to it some Vinegar, quick, some good luck yet, faith, I never tasted Salmon relisht better, oh when a man feeds at other mens cost.

*Mrs.* Other mens cost? Why, did not you send this Jole of Salmon?

*Mul.* No.

*Mrs.* By Master Garnish man?

*Mul.* No.

*Mrs.* Sending me word, that he and his Wife would come to Dinner to me.

*Mul.* No, no.

*Mrs.* To season my new Boul?

*Mul.* Boul?

*Mrs.* And withal will'd me to send the Boul back?

*Mul.* Back?

*Mrs.* That you might have your Arms grav'd on the side?

*Mul.* Ha?

*Mrs.* By the same token you were dry shaven this morn'g before you went forth.

*Mul.* Pah, how this Salmon stinks.

*Mrs.* And thereupon sent the Boul back, prepared ner: Nay, and I bear not a brain.

*Mul.* Wife, do not vex me; is the Boul gone, liver'd?

*Mrs.* Deliver'd? yes sure, 'tis deliver'd.

*Mul.* I will never more say my prayers, do mad, 'tis common, let me not cry like a gone?

*Mrs.* Gone? God is my witness, I delivered it with no Intention to be couzen'd on't; then the Child new born, and yet —

*Mul.* Look to my House, I am haunted with evil Spirits; hear me, do, hear me, if I have not my Goblet again, I'll go to the Devil, I'll to a Conjuror; look to my House, I'll raise all the wise men i'th' street. [Exit.

*Mrs.* Deliver us, what words are these! I trust in God he is but drunk sure.

*Enter Cocledemoy.*

*Coc.* I must have the Salmon to worship *Cocledemoy*, now for the master-piece, God bless thy Neck-piece, and *Comra*, fair Mistress, my Master —

*Mrs.* Have I caught you, what *Roger*?

*Coc.* Peace, good Mistress, I'll tell you all, a jest, a very meer jest, your Husband onely took sport to fright you, the Boul's at my Masters, and there is your Husband, who sent me in all haste, lest you should be over-frighted with his feigning, to entreat you come to Dinner to him.

*Mrs.* Praise Heaven it is no worse.

*Coc.* And desired me, to desire you to send the Jole of Salmon before, and your self to come after to them, my Mistress would be right glad to see you.

*Mrs.* I pray carry it: and now thank them intirely: Bless me, I was never so out of my skin in my Life; pray thank your Mistress most intirely.

*Coc.* So now *Figo*, worshipful *Mak Faugh* and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds go together like washing and wringing. [Exit.

*Mrs.* Beskrew

*Mrs.* Beshrew his heart for his Labour, how every thing about me quivers; what, *Christian*, my Hat and Apron; here, take my sleeves, and how I tremble; so, I'll gossip it now for't, that's certain, here has been Revolutions and false fires indeed.

*Enter Mulligrub.*

*Mul.* Whither now? What's the matter with you now? Whither are you a gadding?

*Mrs.* Come, come, play the Fool no more; will you go?

*Mul.* Whither, in the rank name of madness, whither?

*Mrs.* Whither? Why, to Master *Garnish*, to eat the Jole of Salmon; Lord, how strange you make it!

*Mul.* Way so, why so?

*Mrs.* Why so; why, did not you send the self-same Fellow for the Jole of Salmon, that had the Cup?

*Mul.* 'Tis well, tis very well.

*Mrs.* And willed me to come and eat with you at the Goldsmiths.

*Mul.* O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

*Mrs.* Do you here, make a Fool of some body else, and you make an Ass of me, I'll make an Ox of you, do you see?

*Mul.* Nay, Wife, be patient, for look you, I may be mad, or drunk, or so; for mine own part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curse, nor care I, but Heaven knows what I think. Come, let's go hear some musick, I will never more say my prayers: Let's go hear some doleful musick: nay, if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, I'll go no more to the Synagogue. Now I am discontented.

discontented, I'll turn Sectary, that is fashion.

Wa, ha, ho.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Cocle. within.*

*Enter Mulligrub.*

*Mul.* It was his voice, 'tis he: He sups with his cupping glasses. 'Tis late, he must pass this way: I'll ha him, I'll ha my fine Boy, my worshipful *Cocledemoy*, I'll moy him; he shall be hang'd in lowlie linnen, I'll hire some Sectary to make him an Heretick before he dye; and when he is dead I'll piss on his Grave.

*Enter Cocledemoy.*

*Coc.* Ah, my fine puncks, good Night, *Frank Frailty*, frail a *Frail-Hall*. *Bonns noches my ubiquitari.*

*Mul.* Ware polling and shaving, Sir.

*Coc.* A wolf, a wolf, a wolf. [*Exit Cocledemoy,*  
*Leaving his Cloak behind him.*

*Mul.* Here's something yet, a Cloak, a Cloak, yet I'll after he cannot scape the Watch, I'll hang him if I have any mercy, I'll slice him. [*Exit.*

*Enter Cocledemoy.*

*Const.* Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

*Coc.* Bread a God, Constable, you are a Watch for the Devil, honest men are rob'd under your Nose; there's a false Knave in the habit of a Vintner, set upon me, he would have had my Purse, but I took me to my heels: Yet he got my Cloak, a plain stuff Cloak, poor, yet 'twill serve  
to



to hang him. 'Tis my loss, poor man that I am.

*Enter Mulligrub running with Cocledemoy's Cloak.*

2. Masters, we must watch better; is't not strange, that Knaves, Drunkards, and Thieves should be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scriveners, Smiths, and Taylors never stir.

1. Heark, who goes there?

*Mul.* An honest man, and a Citizen.

2. Appear, appear, what are you?

*Mul.* A simple Vintner.

1. A Vintner, ha, and simple; draw nearer, draw nearer. Here's the Cloak.

2. I, matter Vintner, we know you; a plain stuff Cloak. 'Tis it.

1. Right, come: Oh thou varlet, dost not thou know that the wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable.

*Mul.* What means this violence, as I am an honest man, took the Cloak.

1. As you are a Knave, you took the Cloak, we are your witnesses for that.

*Mul.* But hear me, hear me, I'll tell you what I am.

2. A Thief you are.

*Mul.* I tell you my Name is *Mulligrub*.

1. I will grub you, in with him to the stocks, there let him sit till to morrow morning, that Justice *Quodlibet* may examine him.

*Mul.* Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, we'll tell thee now.

*Mul.* Am I not mad, am I not an Ass? Why scabs, Gods foot, let me out.

2. I

*The Cheater Cheated.*

2. *I, I*, let him prate, he shall find matter in us scabs *I* warrant: Gods-so, what good members of the Commonwealth do we prove.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our Duties, and let's go sleep in the fear of God. [Exeunt.]

*Having left Mulligrub in the stocks.*

*Mul.* Who goes there? *Illo*, ho, ho: zounds shall I run mad, lose my wits, shall I be hang'd; heark, who goes there? Do not fear to be poor *Mulligrub*, thou hast a sure stock now.

*Enter Cocledemoy like a Bell man.*

*Coc.* The Night grows old  
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha, ha, ha, ho,  
Maids on their backs,  
Dream of sweet smacks, and warm: Wo, ho, ho, ho;  
*I* must go comfort my venerable *Mulligrub*, *I* must  
Fiddle him till he fift: fough;  
Maids in your Night-rails,  
Look well to your light —  
Keep close your locks,  
And down your smocks,  
Keep a broad eye.  
And a close thigh; excellent, excellent, excellent, who's  
there? Now Lord, Lord (master *Mulligrub*) deliver us,  
what does your worship in the stocks? *I* pray come out, Sir.  
*Mul.* Zounds man, *I* tell thee *I* am lockt.

*Coc.* Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that  
canst not discern virtue and wisdom, and one of the common  
Council;

Council; what is your worship in for?

*Mul.* For (a plague on't) suspicion of Felony.

*Coc.* Nay, and it be but such a trifle, Lord, *I* could weep to see your good worship in this taking: Your worship has been a good Friend to me, and though you have forgot me, yet *I* knew your Wife before she was married; and since *I* have found your worships Door open, and *I* have knockt; and God knows what *I* have saved; and do *I* live to see your worship stockt!

*Mul.* Honest Bell-man, *I* perceive thou knowest me; *I* prethee call the Watch, Inform the Constable of my Reputation, That *I* may no longer abide in this shameful habitation, And hold thee, all *I* have about me.

[ *Gives him his Purse.*

*Coc.* 'Tis more then *I* deserve, Sir; let me alone for your delivery.

*Mul.* Do, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*, I'll moy him.

*Coc.* Maids in your —

Master Constable, who's that i'th' stocks?

1. One for Robbery, one *Mulligrub*, he calls himself *Mulligrub*; knowest thou him?

*Coc.* Know him? O master Constable, what good Service ha you done; Know him? He's a strong Thief, his House has been suspected for a Bawdy Tavern a great while, and a receipt for Cut-purses, 'tis most certain; he has been long in the black book, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady my masters we'l not trust the stocks with him; we'l have him to the Justices, get a mittimus to *Newgate* presently. Come, Sir, come on, Sir.

[ *The Constable drags away Mulligrub.*  
*Mul.* Ha,

*The Cheater Cheated:**Enter Cocledemoy like a Serjeant.*

*Coc.* So, I have lost my Serjeant in an ecliptique mist, drunk, horrible drunk, he is fine: so now will I fit my self, I hope this habit will do me no harm, I am an honest man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tail, that serves every body: By this time my Vintner thinks of nothing but Hell and Sulphur, he farts fire and brimstone already; hang toasts, the Execution approacheth. [Exit.

*Enter Mulligrub, Mistress Mulligrub, Cocledemoy, and Officers.*

*Offic.* On afore there; room for the Prisoners.

*Mul.* I pray you do not lead me to Execution through *Cheap-side*, I owe Master *Garnish* the Gold-smith money, and I fear he'll set a Serjeants on my back for it.

*Mrs.* O Husband, I little thought you should have come to think on God thus soon; nay, and you had been hang'd deservedly, it would never have grieved me; I have known of many honest innocent men have been hang'd deservedly; but to be cast away for nothing.

*Coc.* Good Woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles; your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you hear me in private; I am a Widdower, and you almost a Widdow, shall I be welcome to your Houses, to your Tables, and your other things?

*Mrs.* I have a piece of mutton, and a feather Bed for you at all times.

*Mul.* I do here make my Confession; If I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him: If any man owe me any

any

any thing, let him pay my Wife.

*Coc.* I will look to your Wives payment I warrant you,

*Mul.* And now good Yoke-fellow leave thy poor *Mullingrub*.

*Mrs.* Nay, then I were unkind i'faith, I will not leave you untill I see you hang'd.

*Coc.* But Brothers, Brothers, you must think of your sins and iniquities; you have been a broacher of prophane Vessels, you have made us drink of the juice of the Whore of *Babylon*, for whereas good Ale, *Perrys*, *Bragers*, *Siders*, and *Metheglins*, was the true Ancient, *British*, and *Trojan* Drinks; you ha brought in *Popish Wines*, *Spanish Wines*, *French Wines*, *tam marti quam mercurio*, both *Muskadine* and *Malmesby*, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes over-throw of many a good Christian: You ha been a great Jumbler; O remember the sins of your Nights, for your Night-works ha been unfavoury in the taste of your Customers.

*Mul.* I confess, I confess; and I forgive as I would be forgiven. Do you know one *Cocledemoy*?

*Coc.* O very well: Know him? An honest man he is and a comely, an upright dealer with his Neighbours, and their wives speak good things of him.

*Mul.* Well, wherefoere he is, or whatsoere he is, I'll take it on my death he's the cause of my hanging; I heartily forgive him, and if he would come forth, he might save me, for he onely knows the why, and the wherefore.

*Coc.* You do from your hearts, and midrifs, and intrails forgive him then; you will not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hang'd in lowly Linnen without a Song, and after he is dead, piss on his Grave.

*Mul.* Tha

*The Cheater Cheated.*

*Mul.* That hard heart of mine has procured all this ; but I forgive as I would be forgiven.

*Coc.* Hang toasts, my worshipful *Mulligrub*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my catrophonical fine Boy, behold and see.

1. *Gent.* Bliss a the blessed, who would but look for two Knaves here ?

*Coc.* No Knave, worshipful Friend, no Knave, for observe, honest *Cocledemoy* restores what he has got, to make you know, that whatsoever he has done, has been only *Euphonia gratia*, for Wits sake : I acquit this Vintner, as he has acquitted me ; all has been done for *Emphases* of wit, my fine Boy, my worshipful Friends.

1. *Gent.* Go, you are a flattering Knave.

*Coc.* I am so, 'tis a good thriving Trade, it comes forward better then the seven Liberal Sciences, or the nine Cardinal Virtues, which may well appear in this, you shall never have flattering Knave turn Courtier : And yet I have read of many Courtiers that have turn'd flattering Knaves.

2. *Gent.* Was't even but so ? Why then all's well.

*Mul.* I could even weep for joy.

*Mrs.* I could weep too, but God knows for what.

*Coc.* And now my very fine *Heliconian* Gallants, and you my Worshipful Friends in the middle Region :  
If with content our hurtless mirth hath been,  
Let your pleas'd minds as our much care be seen :  
For he shall find that flights such trivial wit,  
'Tis easier to reprove, then better it :  
We scorn to fear, and yet we fear to swell,  
We do not hope 'tis best : 'Tis all, if well.

[*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

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